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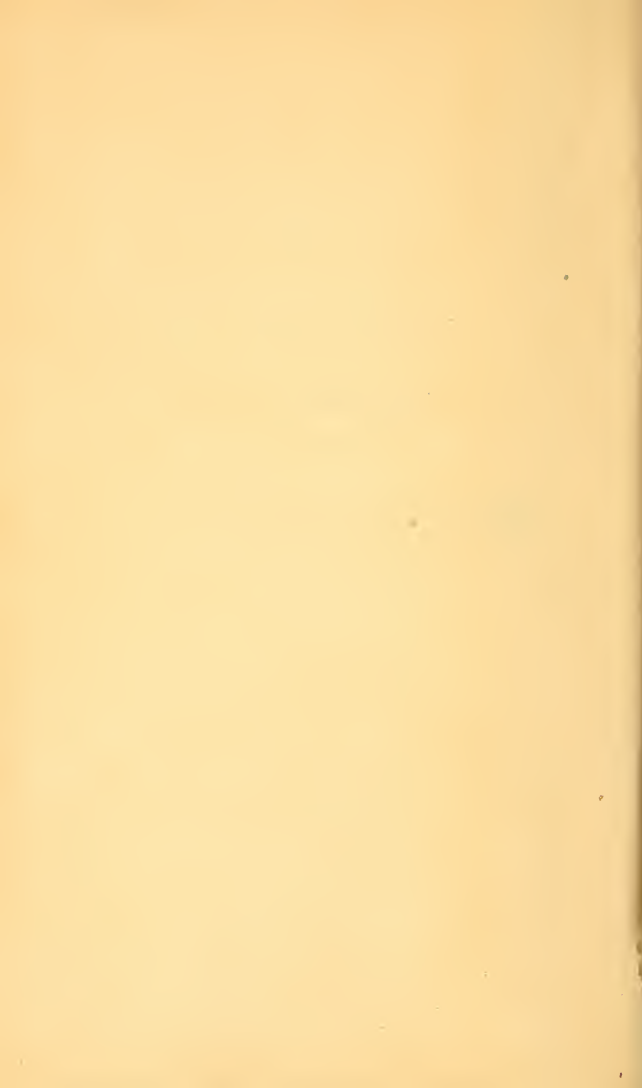


POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.





POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

BY
EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

THE SECOND EDITION:

CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

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W. L. Shoemaker

7 S '06

TO THE MOST NOBLE,
FRANCIS,
EARL OF MOIRA,

LORD HASTINGS, HUNGERFORD, BOTREAUX,
MOLINS, MOELS, DE HOMET,
AND RAWDON,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER,
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA,

THESE POEMS,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF GRATEFUL RESPECT,
AND ATTACHMENT,

ARE WITH ALL HONOUR AND OBSERVANCE

DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOUR.



IN presenting this Volume to the Publick, I am far from supposing, that the "Poems," contained in it, with the exception, perhaps, of a very few, deserve that appellation: but I have called them so, in compliance with the ordinary usage. I am also sensible, that they are not written, either in the style or language of the present day; a fault, if it be one, which has had it's origin in the constant delight, with which I have perused the older writers. I think, indeed, that our Poetry has been continually declining, since the days of Milton, and Cowley; always excepting from that censure the great name of Chatterton; and that the golden age of our language is in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: believing Shakspeare to be the greatest master of our poetical speech, and Sir Philip Sidney of our prose. I do not, however, presume to think, that my compositions have any alliance with those great authours: they are for the most part

mere exercises of verse ; yet I refuse not to myself the hope, (if the Age be not too late,) that I may yet produce a Poem, which shall not be deemed unworthy to be honoured with approbation.

THURLOW.

London, August 30th, 1813.

V E R S E S

PREFIXED TO

THE DEFENCE OF POËSY.

VERSES, &c.

ON BEHOLDING THE
PORTRAITURE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
IN THE GALLERY AT PENSURST.

THE man that looks, sweet Sidney, in thy face,
Beholding there love's truest majesty,
And the soft image of departed grace,
Shall fill his mind with magnanimity :
There may he read unfeign'd humility,
And golden pity, born of heav'nly brood,
Unsullied thoughts of immortality,
And musing virtue, prodigal of blood :
Yes, in this map of what is fair and good,
This glorious index of a heav'nly book,
Not seldom, as in youthful years he stood,
Divinest Spenser would admiring look ;
And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,
Imagin'd deeds, that set the world on fire !

TO THE

MOST NOBLE PRINCE

THE DUKE OF DORSET.*

AND thou, heroick Lord, whose noblest name
 The sacred Muses mention with delight,
 And crown with girlands of eternal fame ;
 (The which with princely love do thou requite ;)

That hast from thy great ancestors by right
 The love of Poets for inheritance ;
 This shall pursue thy virtue to the height,
 And lift thee up beyond the reach of chance :

That never Time shall rend, nor Envy spoil
 The golden trophy of thy restless days ;
 But sweet endeavour of enduring toil
 Shall still be crown'd with everlasting praise :

So clear Antiquity revives in thee,
 The living Record of Nobility.

* His Grace being descended from Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England, whose tragedy of Gorboduc is very highly praised by Sir Philip Sidney.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
THE EARL SPENCER,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

NOT all, that sit beneath a golden roof,
In rooms of cedar, O renowned Lord,
Wise though they be, and put to highest proof,
To the sweet Muses do their grace afford ;
Which if they did, the like would them accord
The mighty Poets to eternity,
And their wise acts in living verse record,
And build them up, great heirs of memory,
Which else shall in oblivion fall and die :
But thou, that like the Sun, with heav'nly beams
Shining on all, dost cheer abundantly
The learned heads, that drink Castalian streams ;
Transcendant Lord, accept this verse from me,
Made for all time, but yet unfit for thee.

ON THE
DIVINE AND NEVER-ENDING MEMORY
OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.*

Y_ET shall thy name be to all ages dear,
Beyond the sweetness of the balmy Spring,
Or those soft notes, that take the list'ning ear
When in love's prime the nightingale doth sing ;
The balm of woe, the rest from sorrowing,
The theme of pity, and the tongue of love,
Which never time shall to completion bring,
But in its sweetness still more dear shall prove ;
That the pale moon, and the pure stars above
Shall stay their spheres with musick of thy praise,
The whiles the shepherds sing, as doth behove,
The triumph of Arcadia's blissful days,
And their shrill pipes to wood and fountain tell
The virtues of lamented Astrophel.

* Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded in the battle of Zutphen, 1536.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
THE EARL OF MOIRA,
LORD HASTINGS AND RAWDON.

To thee, that art the glory of our days,
And patron of all princely gentleness,
This image of delight my Muse conveys,
To be accepted of thy nobleness ;
That with thy favour thou the same may'st bless,
And shield great Sidney from detracting wrong,*
Sith his pure lines to purer ears express
All musick, both of wisdom, and of tongue ;
And sith in his most sweet heroick song,
As in a mirror, thou may'st timely see
The virtues, that exempt thee from the throng,
And make thy life divinest poësy ;
Therefore, great Lord, vouchsafe this book to take,
Both for its own, and for its Author's sake.

* The memory of Sidney has been beautifully vindicated by Doctor Zouch, in a work of equal profit, and delight.

TO

A BELOVED FRIEND.

THE Sun is not more prodigal of light,
Nor liberty more native to the air,
The purple rose more lovely to the sight,
Or glory to poetick minds more fair,
Than thou to all, that know thee, and admire,
Art dear, for virtue and unfeigned truth ;
A mind, that burns with everlasting fire,
And feeds on wisdom in unclouded youth :
In thee is love of labour and of fame ;
And pleasure for thy native land to die ;
Thy light is lit at pure religion's flame,
To guide thy steps to immortality ;
And with unfading honour may'st thou bloom,
" And late return to thy celestial home."*

* This line is taken from a very beautiful translation : it runs thus in the original ;

 " long may you govern Rome,
 " And late return to your celestial home."

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD HOLLAND.

MOST favour'd Lord, in whose pure intellect,
The temple of divine humanity,
Th' eternal Muses triumph, with affect
Of all, that lives above the lamping sky ;
With what enlarged pinion shall I fly,
T' attain the glory of this argument.
That in thy rising wisdom can descry
The star, that shall enlight our firmament ?
And there shall reign, amidst the sweet consent
Of all that honour magnanimity,
And in the rule of virtue find content :
Meanwhile, 'till that auspicious time shall be,
This portraiture of worth, by Sidney penn'd,
To thy most faultless judgment I commend.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF GRANARD.

Y_{ET} may I not my thankful labour cease,
'Till this sweet work in part I dedicate
To you, heroick Lord, in war and peace,
The equal grace and glory of the state ;
So well the rugged virtues you abate
With the soft charm of affability,
And wisely in your lofty thoughts amate
Dread warfare with divine civility :
Then let this golden book for tribute be,
Which you, my Lord, may worthily accept ;
Made by that man, that held the world in fee,
Yet early in heroick laurels slept ;
Who slept, yet sits aloft, and smiles on you,
His kinsman in great birth, and glory too.*

* The Earl of Granard being descended from the Sidneys, through the great houses of Rawdon, Hastings, and Spencer.

A SONG

TO

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SPIRIT, whose bliss beyond this cloudy sphere
Is with the rising, and the setting light,
Who, far remov'd from all that grieves us here,
For ever happy, and for ever bright,
Yet lookest down with pity from on high,
'Midst airs of immortality :
O, with what pure and never-ending song,
Song, that uplift upon the wings of love,
May gain access to that celestial throng,
Shall I now soar above,
And in the silver flood of morning play,
And view thy face, and brighten into day ?

Forgive me, then, O love-enlarged soul,
Or love itself in pure felicity,

If, questioning my nature's fast controul,
I slip my bonds, and wander unto thee ;
But, ah ! too well I know
That this may not be so,
'Till that prefixed doom from heav'n be spent :
Then for a little while,
If measure may beguile,
Let thy sweet deeds become my argument ;
That all the wide hereafter may behold
Thy mind, more perfect than refined gold.

But this is to enlarge the liberal air,
And pour fresh light into the diamond,
To herald that the fragrant rose is fair,
And that the Sun in beauty doth abound ;
So vain, and so excessful is the thought
To add to Sidney ought :
Yet cannot I forego the sweet delight,
More sweet to me than musick or the Spring,
Or than the starry beams of Summer's night,
Thy sweetest praise, O Astrophel, to sing ;
'Till the wide woods, to which I teach the same,
Shall echo with thy name ;

And ev'ry fount that in the valley flows,
Shall stay its fall, and murmur at the close.

Nor yet shall time, a thing not understood,
Nor weary space forbid me my desire ;
The nimble mind can travel where it would,
More swift than winds, or than the greedy fire ;
So shall my thoughts aspire
To that eternal seat, where thou art laid
In brightness without shade :
Thy golden locks, that in wide splendour flow,
Crowned with lilies, and with violets,
And amaranth, which that good Angel sets
With joy upon thy radiant head to blow ;
(Soft flow'rs, unknown to woe,
That in the blissful meads of heav'n are found ;)
The whilst full quires around
With silver hymns, and dulcet harmony,
Make laud unto the glorious throne of grace,
And fill thy ears with true felicity ;
Such is the happy place,
Which thou by thy heroick toil hast won,
Such is the place, to which my sacred verses run.

Then I believe that at thy birth was set
Some purer planet in the lofty sky,
Which a sweet influence did on earth beget ;
That all the shepherds, which on ground did lie,
Beholding there that unexampled light,
That made like day the night,
Were fill'd with hope, and great expectancy,
That Pan himself would on the earth appear,
To bless th' unbounded year.

[The Author did not finish this Poem.]

HERMILDA.

HERMILDA.

THE FIRST CANTO.

1.

LADIES, and knights, and arms, and glorious love,
 And courtesy, and brave exploit I sing,
 Which may in youthful breast sweet fury move,
 And make the weary Age renew it's Spring;
 If so great Phœbus aid me from above,
 T' uplift the silver banner of our King,
 And 'spersé in Holy Land the moony host,
 Which long had blaz'd upon that weeping coast.

2.

And of divine Orlando to recite

The fatal strength, and valour, that expell'd
Such flocks of Pagans to the shores of Night ;
Since he with the divine Hermilda quell'd
Their furious battle, and insulting might,
Which long in fear Jerusalem had held :
If then the Muses on my labour smile,
This verse perhaps some ages may beguile.

3.

And you, whose sacred name to me is dear,
Beyond the golden splendour of the day ;
Whom perfectly I love, and so revere,
That nothing from my heart can tear away
That image, which on earth without a peer
Of youthful virtue sweetly you display ;
My patron, and my friend, accept from me
This labour'd work, and let it pleasing be.

4.

'Tis true some light ambition I may have,
To live with the great Paladin in fame ;
But rather would the shafts of envy brave,
To be allied to your beloved name ;
Much fitter are yourself than me to save
From deep oblivion, and the greedy flame ;
But you, that have a pure heroick mind,
By sweet mistrust to your own worth are blind.

5.

The golden Morning now had hardly gone,
My * *, from her chamber in the East,
And with an Angel's eye scarce look'd upon
The valleys and the hills from Night releast ;
When she, for whom a thousand lovers moan,
Yet of all women cares for love the least,
Hermione along the valley speeds,
Where Nilus flows amid' his subject meads.

6.

I well believe Aurora made a stay,
To gaze upon the rival of her beams ;
So lovely from her helm th' unsullied ray,
And from her shield, and all her armour streams :
But far more fatal, and more bright than they,
Her face in beauty her brave pomp beseems ;
Her face, that full of glory, and desire,
Mix'd virgin sweetness with heroick fire !

7.

In that unbounded garden of delight
A thousand souls had lost their liberty,
And wander'd in it's charms, both day and night,
Delighted with their fond captivity :
O love, when thou art crowned to the height,
What art thou but divine felicity ?
Though to her lovers she no favour gave,
Yet each preferr'd to serve her as her slave.

8.

But she, indeed, not like unto her kind,
All thoughts of pity and of love disdain'd ;
Which yet a blemish in her soul I find,
Since there the softest passions never reign'd ;
To strife, to war, to battle she inclin'd,
And the sharp sword and weighty spear maintain'd ;
To perils, and to camps would turn her feet,
And shrilling clarions made her musick sweet.

9.

And now along the plain she journeys free,
As if the joyous Morn were in her breast ;
Upon her right unto the midland sea
The God-descended Nile his waves addrest ;
Before her in the air she well can see
Great Babylon, which is the Caliph's rest ;
Who, sitting on his throne, with glory reigns
O'er half the nations, and the rest restrains.

10.

The watchman on the wall 'gan loudly cry,
“ I see a knight approaching city-ward ;
“ And surely from what now I well descry,
“ A lord of great obeisance and regard :”
Straight at the voice, which sounded from on high,
Philemon, who was captain of the guard,
Ascended to the wall with hasty foot,
To see the cause of that so early bruit.

11.

And there he saw, curvetting on the plain,
Full of great pomp and wanton chivalry,
A knight, that play'd so lightly with the rein,
He deem'd him in the jousts a prince to be :
A golden hoop full richly did distrain
His crimson plumes, that danc'd for jollity ;
And by that sign he knew the knight must be
The Amazonian queen, Hermione.

12.

Three years had pass'd, since by Euphrates' side
He first beheld the virgin queen with love ;
When she her youthful courage nobly tried
Upon a salvage people, that did move
From down the hills, yet nathless could abide
Her onset, like the maiden child of Jove !
With pale amazement, and with terror blind,
She made them fly, like chaff before the wind.

13.

They flew indeed, but wounded, as they flew,
With a light sort of reeds, at random sent ;
For fear would not permit a steadier view,
And little ill they did, though much they meant ;
But that word I miscall ; for if they slew
Not many, yet the rudest rabblement
With their ill darts upon her bosom glanc'd,
And pierc'd the lily skin, and her entranc'd.

14.

The springing blood the lily skin distain'd,
Like blushing rubies in a bed of pearl,
And o'er those silver apples softly rain'd :
Ah ! had she armed been, the ruder kerle
Upon her golden breast, which them disdain'd,
Too much disdain'd ! with weak and idle hurl
Their darts had sped ; but she with lofty pride,
And naked paps their guilty rage defied.

15.

Her nymphs uprearen softly from the ground
The senseless queen, and to her camp convey'd ;
And balmy herbs, and precious ointments bound
Upon her wounded breast ; and softly play'd
Delicious musick, which is often found
To give the feeble sprite diviner aid :
So well in little while they cur'd the queen,
That of her hurt no smallest mark was seen.

16.

But good Philemon, that had still pursued
Her virgin steps throughout the glorious fight,
To guard from her that rudest multitude,
Which yet he saw dispersed by her might ;
When he beheld in her soft blood imbued
The temple of pure love, and all delight,
In his own heart he felt the cruel wound,
And well nigh sunk upon the grassy ground.

17.

He calls on Jove, that with his fiery hand
Doth strike the piny forests, and uprift
Th' eternal mountains, and above the land
The billows of the raging sea can lift ;
“ Where be those bolts to strike that impious band,
“ And deep within the earth with fatal drift
“ To fix them there with long arrears of woe
“ Whence guilty ghosts to endless torments go ?”

18.

Then raging like a boar, that fiercely spoils
The blooming vineyards with his curved tooth,
Or like a pard, that having rent the toils,
Doth waste the roaring woods, disdain'g ruth,
He flieth at that rout, that fast recoils,
And strikes at age, at manhood, and at youth ;
Nor yet resistance finds, nor pity knows,
But slays at will whole armies of his foes.

19.

The salvage people half with terror mad,
Their rugged clubs upon the ground have thrown,
And seeing no escape from fate they had,
From the steep hills they throw them headlong down ;
To fly from him, to kill themselves are glad,
And in the silent rivers madly drown ;
The cries of their despair to heav'n aspire,
Like Ætna quaking with internal fire

20.

Here falls an arm, and there a head is split,
And there into the heart his sword is thrust ;
So keen the blade, so well he uses it,
That right and left they fall into the dust :
Here stabs the throat, and there, with sharper wit,
Clean from the shoulders cuts the head, as just
As a young poppy by the scissars cropt ;
Then strikes again before the head be dropt.

21.

Kill them he would in his remorseless ire,
Kill them, nor leave a living man to tell
The source and fruit of that resentment dire,
The ills, that from that fatal wound befell ;
Their fields would waste, their houses set on fire,
Their wives would force in foreign lands to dwell :
This would he do, and more, if more might be,
Who so could wound the fair Hermione.

22.

But Night betwixt his madness and his foes
In pity her protecting curtain drew ;
Not sated yet with blood, he turns and goes
To the pale camp, to feed upon his woe ;
The golden Morning on his tent arose,
His sighs still breath'd, his silent tears did flow ;
And from that fatal day no peace he knew,
Till here again she came into his view.

23.

She came into his view, divinest maid !
More lovely than the amber-tressed Morn ;
In perfect gold, like Victory, array'd ;
Or Venus, of the foamy Ocean born,
When she in Vulcan's house disporting play'd
In armour with great Mars, and feigned scorn
Of sage Minerva, and her snaky shield ;
So lovely look'd Hermione in field.

24.

Philemon bade the gates throw open wide,
With all fit honour to so fair a queen ;
And, as she enter'd in, on ev'ry side
The gazing multitude with awe were seen
To throng into her face ; and th' heralds cried,
“ Great welcome to Hermione, the queen !
“ Her sex's glory, and the paragon,
“ Great welcome to the walls of Babylon !”

25.

And then Philemon, “ O heroick maid,
“ The wonder, and the glory of our time !
“ So may thy lovely will be still obey'd,
“ And all thy sacred thoughts, to heav'n that climb,
“ Be crowned with high Jove's divinest aid ;
“ As here, rejoicing in thy looks sublime,
“ The Caliph will behold with deep delight
“ This fairest day, made happy in thy sight.”

26.

And then the silver pipes, like breathing Spring,
 Preceded her in triumph to the Court ;
And the soft virgins from their flaskets fling
The riches of the Earth, of every sort ;
Vermilion, white, and purple, all that spring
Azure, and golden in sweet Flora's court ;
Their voice attuned to the instrument,
They lead along the World's sweet ornament.

27.

But here awhile I leave her on her way,
 And with enlarged wing divide the air,
And take to Thessaly my speedy way,
To pitchy forests and to hills repair ;
Where the ambrosial light of Morning's ray,
Obstructed, cannot shine with joyance fair :
But endless darkness and eternal shade
The caves, the rivers, and the woods pervade.

28.

Beneath the Night's eternal canopy,
Unseen but by the boundless eye of God,
A Cave there is of great antiquity,
By which the bitter waves of Grief have flow'd,
And wash'd th' uneasy shore unceasingly,
Since first the guilty Earth her giant brood
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge to scale
The stedfast Sky, and over Heav'n prevail.

29.

Before the porch the baleful yew is seen,
Distilling from her weeping boughs the dew ;
And ev'ry mournful plant is mix'd between,
Accurs'd of Jove, that maketh man to rue ;
A sacred horrouer still infects the scene,
And pois'nous herbs the fatal greensward strew ;
If any bird before that mansion sing,
'Tis the sad owl with her ill-omen'd wing.

30.

And there, throughout the spacious Seasons' round,
Lost in heart-eating thought, and quenchless woe,
Sits Evil Meditation, on the ground
Her fixed eyes still dwelling ; to and fro
The slimy serpents wander, and around
Th' unsightly bat upon it's wing doth go ;
Here, hiding from the view of all mankind,
Night fills her cave, and misery her mind !

31.

A way there is, amid' the thickest gloom,
That from her dwelling leads direct to Hell ;
By which, when she would quit her dreariest room,
Her lonely way in silence she doth spell
To foot of sad Proserpina, to whom
Her soul-consuming anguish she doth tell ;
The while the fleeting ghosts, with horror pale,
Still gather round, and listen to her tale.

32.

And even She, most dreaded queen, the while,
Can hardly look upon her wand'ring guest,
But fear and sorrow do her thoughts beguile :
Upon Proserpine she doth fix'dly rest
Her eyes, wherein no vestige of a smile,
But fatal thoughts of evil still express :
And then her accents, like th' undying roar
Of mournful waves upon Oblivion's shore !

33.

“ I come, O queen, the messenger of woe,
“ With tidings that shall make thy light decay,
“ And pale Cocytus ever cease to flow,
“ And Styx nine times upon thy banks to stray ;
“ The fiery Phlegethon in vain shall glow,
“ And Acheron his doleful path bewray ;
“ The time is come, when none shall Lethe drink,
“ Or fearful ghosts yet wander on its brink.

34.

“ The triple prison of enduring brass,
“ Whose deep foundations are infix'd in night,
“ Shall shrivel, like a scroll: and O, alas!
“ Thy throne of darkness, and alternate light
“ No more shall be, but like a dream shall pass:
“ O queen, that on the mountains shimest bright,
“ And reignest in this realm of sacred woe,
“ Thy two-fold sceptre from thy hand doth go.

35.

“ Behold! behold! throughout the upper air
“ The silver clarions and the clanging steeds
“ Make marvel of delight, and men prepare
“ For glorious battle, while Bellona bleeds!
“ To buckle their bright arms is now their care
“ In lofty mountains, and in flow'ry meads:
“ The foaming billows of the wond'ring main
“ Their floating navies scarcely can sustain.

36.

“ And think you where they go, divinest queen,
“ With this unceasing panoply of war?
“ Where shall eternal Mars be shortly seen
“ With Fury and Affright his iron car
“ To urge, while Horror shakes her torch between?
“ For Salem, O, for Salem they prepare!
“ And there with blazing arms will fiercely shine,
“ To raise Christ’s name, and to extinguish thine.

37.

“ Why fears thy husband to assail his foe?
“ Or journeys he? or peradventure sleeps?
“ Now that all Hell is on the brink of woe,
“ And here thy handmaid at thy footstool weeps?”
She said, and from Proserpine turning slow,
With lonely steps unto her prison creeps;
The three-mouth’d dog, when he beheld her nigh,
The air affrighted with a fearful cry.

38.

O, how I joy above the earth to be,
To wander in the light and fragrant air !
And clear my wings from damp obscurity,
That lately with dull Night encumber'd were !
I mean, I mean to shake my pinions free,
And glory in brave knights and damsels fair :
But what ensued upon that voice in Hell
Another time in other verse I'll tell.

39.

Behold ! beside a silver fountain lies
A goodly knight in armour well y-set,
Paly of grey and gold, and his device
A brindled lion in a silken net ;
His ashen spear like Telamon's in size ;
And his bright helm upon the grass is set ;
Whereon, at rest, amid the boundless fire,
A golden Phenix seemeth to aspire !

40.

This is Prince Palamede, I tell you true,
Who is of Ithaca the rightful king ;
From Ganges to the West, though known to few,
A man more valiant not the world can bring ;
O, what great deeds hereafter will he do !
His tender years are yet but in their Spring ;
And yet he seems to my amazed sight,
Like fierce Achilles, burning for the fight !

41.

He lies at length upon the flow'ry grass,
And thus bewails the hardness of his fate ;
Who sees his fleeting days, like shadows, pass,
And sighs for action, to proclaim him great ;
“ O what,” he cries, “ in evil can surpass
“ My cruel fortune, and obscure estate ?
“ 'Twere better to be born a shepherd's son,
“ Than thus in vain in quest of glory run.

42.

“ Then happy I had been, though poor indeed,
“ And ta'en my daily food with quiet mind ;
“ And in my fleecy flock, and tender breed
“ Might gentle solace and contentment find ;
“ Who never heard of fame, of none has need,
“ Nor can the golden Sun delight the blind ;
“ But I, O glory ! that have seen thy face,
“ Excepting thee, think all the world is base.

43.

“ O, it were easy to achieve a flight
“ Beyond the gift of madness to pursue,
“ To Hades, or the Moon, if so that height
“ Might give divinest glory to the view !
“ Or in the depth of that eternal Night
“ We might release from that ungracious crew
“ Confined honour, and restore to day :
“ But life without enlargement is decay.

44.

“ Ye kings, and heroes, of whose race I am,
“ Deducing from high Jove my sacred birth,
“ And he indeed from ancient Saturn came,
“ That was the first great ruler of the Earth,
“ What is there so in me of fault, or blame,
“ To make me less than of heroick worth?
“ Or am I not inflam’d with equal fire,
“ But still by Fate withheld from my desire?”

45.

“ This only thought from infancy I had,
“ In action with my sword to win my way;
“ And, cas’d in mail, unless the Gods forbad,
“ With high renown to hold a kingly sway:
“ O sacred Jove, whose aid my fathers had,
“ Why am I weaker or less great than they?
“ Since all I ask is to behold my foe,
“ And die in battle, if thy will be so.”

46.

With that he sigh'd, as if his heart would break,
And shed some tears into the silver flood ;
And then did to his lonely thoughts betake :
When, suddenly, uprising in the flood,
The Nymph of that pure fountain for his sake
Appearing, in divinest beauty stood ;
Her yellow locks were in a garland bound
Of lilies, that by limpid streams are found.

47.

“ Behold in me, O Palamede,” she said,
“ The daughter of a king of Ithaca,
“ (Of whom perhaps in story you have read,)
“ That, coming here to Phocis on a day,
“ Was chased of a Satyr through the shade,
“ But in a fountain vanished away,
“ By aid of great Diana, in my need,
“ Who plac'd me here, to murmur in the mead.

48.

“ My sire Menalcas, Daulis is my name ;
“ And I, that feed on immortality,
“ Since you the Fates without discretion blame,
“ And quarrel with apparent destiny,
“ Present you here, (pray, look into the same,)
“ The mirror of too true calamity ;
“ For sure, unless these haughty thoughts you lose,
“ You will be the sad image you peruse.”

49.

With that she took her glass from out the wave,
And gave it to the knight, like crystal clear ;
Who look'd therein, and saw a city brave,
And troops of armed men, as did appear,
Some to attack, and some the town to save ;
But that, which struck his heart with deadliest fear,
He saw around a rolling chariot go,
Whose lord thereto had bound his slaughter'd foe.

50.

The panting horses, like the Morning, ran,
A cloud of dust roll'd lightly o'er the plain,
The victor knight, in person more than man,
Still lash'd his steeds, and triumph'd o'er the slain ;
All eyes are fix'd upon the God-like man :
But they upon the walls lift up in vain
Their feeble arms, in pity for the knight,
And turn away with anguish from the sight.

51.

The king beheld ; then, silent for awhile,
Restor'd the glass unto the Nymph, and said ;
“ If such a sight my purpose could beguile,
“ Or break the thoughts, on which I still have fed,
“ I should esteem myself too weak, and vile,
“ To wear the kingly garland on my head ;
“ But let thy perfect grace, O Nymph divine,
“ Whatever be my fate, continue mine.

52.

“ The life of man is but a Summer's shade,
“ We perish, as the leaves in Autumn do ;
“ The action that in Ithaca we play'd
“ Upon a stage, presents it to the view ;
“ By glory, not by years, if rightly weigh'd,
“ We ought to measure it ; he lives too few,
“ Who lives a thousand-years, devoid of fame ;
“ Nor can the Gods themselves this judgment blame.

53.

“ Let then my Soul take back her wand'ring flight,
“ Since virtue must be lov'd, where thought can be,
“ I doubt not, but the passage may be light,
“ And we again shall see felicity :
“ But since the thing is not within my might,
“ 'Twere foolish by the thought distress'd to be :
“ If present ill is bad, 'tis ten times worse,
“ By foresight to anticipate a curse.

54.

“ Already in the sand the bravest men
“ By fortune of the war have breath'd their last,
“ And been by horses traml'd on ;—What then ?
“ We go not to a battle, as a feast :
“ But if we take hard blows, we give again ;
“ Or life is lost, or in its worth increast ;
“ But this is vain, for when the trumpets blow,
“ What spirit but with joy to fate would go ?”

55.

The Nymph beheld him with a mournful look,
Then slowly in the silver wave withdrew ;
And seem'd, indeed, when underneath the brook,
Like tender lilies in a glass to view :
The youthful king then, with soft musing, took
The flow'rets of a pale and wannish hue,
That on the margin of that fountain stood,
And sprinkled with devotion in the flood.

56.

Then, rising up, he loosen'd from the tree
His faithful horse, and through the valley went,
And with himself held converse pensively,
As much amazed at that accident ;
Full oft he griev'd, that he so dull should be,
Ere yet from the diviner air she went,
As never to have ask'd that Nymph the name
Of that fair city, or the victor's fame.

57.

But then he thinks, what purpose to believe
Such tales as these, that are for women fit ?
Some evil might perhaps my eyes deceive,
And I am weak so to consider it :
And yet he could not so his mind bereave
Of that sad fable, and that mournful fit ;
But with a slacken'd rein pursues his course,
Devising his light way unto his horse.

58.

There came a knight along the flow'ry glade,
All armed from the helmet to the heel ;
The king, who saw his lance in rest was stay'd,
Resolv'd to give him check, at point of steel ;
So spurring to the course, and nothing said,
They met with such a shock, both horses reel ;
The fiery sparkles from their helms were sent,
And their fine spears into thin shivers went.

59.

As when two antler'd monarchs of the herd
In wild Apulia are to battle set,
Throughout the quaking shore their rage is heard,
From Morning 'till the weary Sun is set ;
So are they by the year to madness stirr'd,
That, like two thunder clouds together met,
With the fierce blow they motionless remain,
And stand awhile amazed on the plain !

60.

So met the knight, and king of Ithaca,
And so astounded by the dint of spear,
But neither from his seat was born away,
And neither would admit the thought of fear ;
Then leaping to the ground, without delay,
The knights began on foot a new career ;
The blows, that Vulcan on his anvil heaps,
Are soft to those, that either gives or reaps.

61.

An hour or more, the battle they sustain'd,
Their swords, like light'ning, glancing to and fro ;
An hour or more, and either yet remain'd
Unconquer'd, though they dealt huge strokes of woe ;
Then first the king, though peril he disdain'd,
Yet much approving of his valiant foe,
Withheld his sword, and with a courteous look,
And gentle voice, the stranger knight bespoke.

62.

“ Perhaps, sir knight, we better might bestow
“ Our valiant arms upon another fight ;
“ Yet think not that I give my counsel so,
“ As fearing any whit your matchless might ;
“ And yet I must confess a braver foe,
“ To strike more valiant, or to guard more light,
“ No man e'er found ; and therefore I desire
“ To have in league the virtue I admire.”

63.

The knight consented, and the battle stay'd :
And much he prais'd the virtue of the king :
Who, mounting on his horse, his foe survey'd,
A goodly warrior as the world could bring :
All clad in steel, and over it were lay'd
The golden flow'rets, that adorn the Spring ;
A Pine-tree for his crest ; in golden field,
He bore sev'n silver rivers in his shield.

64.

Of Pergamus he was the valiant king,
And burn'd with love of fair Hermione,
And Attalus his name ; the world could bring
No knight more fam'd for deeds of chivalry :
For in his tender years he wont to wring
The speckled serpents, and compel to die ;
And after in the forests he would tear
The bloody jaws of libbard, and of bear.

65.

Besides, he could outrun the hart in chase,
And force him by the lofty horns to stay ;
Ne feared he, but with his iron mace
The cruel robbers of the woods would slay ;
Till quite from peril he had clear'd the place,
And virgins with a careless foot might stray
Throughout the land, wherever he had rule ;
So was he trained up in virtue's school.

66.

Thus brave and noble, full of high disdain
Of ill, and loving the diviner right,
To tender love he yielded up the rein,
And lost his fierceness in a woman's sight ;
And now he speeds o'er forest, and o'er plain,
In balmy day, and in discolour'd night,
To find Hermione, who late was gone
From out her camp, in silence, and alone.

67.

With sweet discourse they entertain'd the way,
Of cities, and of dames, and vent'rous feats,
Done by great men at arms, in mortal fray,
That so their speech the weary travel cheats ;
The glorious Shepherd his obliquer ray
Shot slant-wise, and to shun the scorching heats,
The knights into a flow'ring wood are gone,
Where what they met with you shall hear anon.

68.

Then hardly for two miles their way had led
Through branching cypress, and eternal oak,
When, like an arrow by the archer sped,
A fearful man into their presence broke ;
His staring hair was standing up for dread,
His ashy cheeks were of their blood forsook,
And by the shaggy crest he stoutly held
A helmet, that the Sun in light excell'd.

69.

He would have pass'd, but at his back there came
A messenger, that soon enforc'd his stay,
A swift, a valiant, and a lovely dame,
Whose fearful anger in her eyes did play :
Her silv'ry spear like the avengeful flame,
Transfix'd him through the side ; supine he lay,
Unhappy man ! a corse upon the ground ;
The helmet on the quaking earth did bound.

70.

As when a hawk, the spoiler of the sky,
With swift descent, and level to his prey,
Hath pierced a plover, at whose feeble cry
The tender birds are filled with dismay,
And here and there in wild disorder fly ;
So with her spear did that bright damsel slay
The hapless man, and stretch him on the path,
Where rode the kings, the spectacle of wrath !

71.

While yet they gaz'd with wonder at the deed,
And wot not what to think, the man arose,
And, flying from the place with fresher speed,
Forgot, as it should seem, the cruel blows
Which lately had his soul from body freed :
Such virtue had that spear, that to it's foes
It instant death, and instant healing gave,
The gift of Vulcan, both to kill and save.

72.

New wonder then the youthful monarchs took,
To see a man thus die, and thus revive ;
One moment on the ground, of life forsook,
The next, like to a hare, run off belive ;
Such thing as this they never read in book,
Nor, though they saw it, could they yet believe ;
And doubtless in amazement had remain'd,
But that Clorinda all the fact explain'd.

73.

First taking up the helm, she softly said,
“ This helmet, that you see, fair Sirs, is mine ; ”
And then she bravely plac'd it on her head,
And seem'd in her majestic port divine ;
“ Mine is it, nor shall fit another head,
“ Until a knight, that is of kingly line,
“ And wanders in the silver tracts of air,
“ A plumed bird, shall to the East repair.

74.

“ By such a tenure, and I think it good,
“ I hold this helmet, and this charmed spear,
“ Which never yet was stain'd with mortal blood,
“ But kills with healing, as you saw it here :
“ This wretched man, I sleeping in the wood,
“ Thought well to rob me, maugre all his fear ;
“ But found at last, and to his bitter cost,
“ He reckon'd up his bill without his host.

75.

“ I slew him, but what more is need to say ?
“ New evil may perhaps new woe afford :”
The quaking ether with a silver neigh,
And all the forest echoed at the word ;
From out a thicket, wanton as in May
The mares of Tagus fling themselves abroad,
A milk-white steed unto Clorinda came,
And with soft duty knelt unto the dame.

76.

And surely on those golden banks was bred,
Whose foaming waters roll into the main,
Which is around the Sacred Islands spread :
There sorrow never enters, nor sad pain
Afflicts, but joy with youthful love is wed,
And endless Summer o'er the clime doth reign :
There the great poets, and the heroes dwell,
And kings, who held the glorious sceptre well.

77.

And there too you, but bē the season long,
My * *, shall repose in soft delight ;
And feed your perfect soul with Virgil's song,
Your temples with pure laurel chastely dight ;
Since still you sought the right, and left the wrong,
There thro' the golden day, and radiant night,
Your bliss shall be ; but, ah ! I fable here ;
Your virtue will be crown'd in higher sphere.

78.

The sacred book, and testament divine,
Which ever in your youth you lov'd so dear,
Preferring it to all, a beauteous sign
Of wisdom, in your mind then burning clear,
Shall light you, I believe, when cease to shine
The darkling planets of this earthly sphere,
And guide you to that place, where bliss is sure,
Whose truth is spotless, and whose faith is pure.

79.

Nor is the soft and tender-dropping dew
More lovely to the thirsty herb, that dies,
Than truth divine is lovely unto you :
Then, oh ! forgive me, if the verdant prize
Of poësy now tempts me to pursue
A phantom, while the truth neglected lies ;
But here I turn unto Clorinda's steed,
From whom we parted, longer than is need.

80.

Then often in those waves he wont to play,
And scatter with his hoof the frothy foam,
And often with his mouth would tear away
The fragrant orange ; till misled from home,
From all his soft delights, and tender play,
To Constantine's fair port he learnt to roam ;
A fine magician, in a silken rein,
Convey'd him from the West to Pera's plain.

81.

And there Clorinda took him for her own,
And fed him with the soft, and pearly corn,
And fragrant herbs, and flow'rs but newly blown,
And wine of Chios in a golden horn :
Till fed by love, and to full stature grown,
It seem'd in speed he could outfly the Morn ;
The purple violets, beneath his hoof,
Scarce felt the pressure of his soft reproof.

82.

The Apennines were not more white than he ;
Or silver doves ; (as gentle as a dove ;)
And to Clorinda yet he bent the knee,
That in the Thracian forests would have strove
With that wild brood, that, O, ferocity !
Upon the limbs of men were fed, and threw ;
But Hercules then slew the cruel king,
And did his limbs to the like purpose fling.

83.

Clorinda on her steed y-mounted is ;
The knights attend her through the gloomy wild ;
And now apace great Phaëton, I wis,
Declining, shot his beams more soft, and mild ;
If Attalus long since was spoiled of his,
Yet Palamede was of his heart beguil'd,
Beholding here the beauty of her face,
Her youthful courage, and exceeding grace.

84.

A form so fair, as well he could perceive,
Had made Ulysses on the shore to stay :
No man alive such loveliness could leave,
Unless indeed his wits had fled away :
Of all the fairest daughters then of Eve,
Most fair to him in her divine array,
Clorinda seem'd ; and to his poison'd ears
Her voice convey'd the musick of the spheres.

85.

As when a bird, that in the flow'ry wood
Hath warbled to her mates, the summer's day,
And seeing now great Phœbus in the flood
Ingulph'd, begins to slumber on the spray ;
She wakes, and sees, fast gazing on his food,
A snake below her, from whose baleful ray
She cannot part, but with imperfect cries
Descends into the monster's jaw, and dies :

86.

So Palamede perceiv'd his soul betray'd
With poison'd sweetness of the virgin's look ;
He trembled, and he blush'd, but nothing said ;
Too deep into his heart the bait he took :
O Mars, from out Cythera lift thy head,
Thy votary has here thy laws forsook ;
The monarch, that would Kings, and Cæsars chain,
Like thee, is prison'd in a silken rein.

87.

Let Venus laugh, and all her shores resound
With joyous musick of triumphant love !
The lion so in her soft bands is bound,
And is at heart as tender as a dove :
What limits to her largest reign are found ?
On ev'ry side, beneath us, and above,
Her smiles prevail ; the tenants of the air,
And fishes of the deep her bondsmen are.

88.

But mostly in the heart of men she reigns,
And there sets up the standard of her might ;
Controuling them by tender joys, and pains,
And ruling without stay both day and night ;
The bad establishes, the good restrains,
Makes few of many, and much ill of right ;
But if by me her follies must be penn'd,
A thousand moons will fade, ere I can end.

89.

But rather I prefer with them to stray,
The youthful monarchs, and the lovely maid,
Who gently through the forest took their way,
And found sweet solace in the tender shade :
Some doubt they had, if now they went astray ;
At length, discoursing through the flow'ry glade,
A monument of marble, black as night,
And lofty as the wood, engag'd their sight.

90.

It stood as firm, and massy to the view,
As those great pyramids of Egypt's kings,
By which they vainly promis'd to subdue
The fearful Time, that all to ruin brings,
And palaces, and tombs in dust doth strew ;
But need there is, that now some writer springs,
With knowledge of the past, in dreams convey'd,
To tell by whom those monuments were made.

91.

So firm it stood, and massy to the sight,
And all its front in fair compartments laid,
Wherein was carv'd the image of a fight,
And fainting warriors on the ground were laid ;
But many still upstood, and 'gainst a knight,
That, like a mountain his large shield display'd,
And thinn'd them with his sword, yet bravely fought :
This action on the northern side was wrought.

92.

And then behind the knight there might be seen
A slender altar, on whose top the fire
Yet flicker'd to the air, and by a queen
Of tend'rest beauty, and most dear desire,
Whose terror in her face was carved clean :
Death, fear, amazement, and consummate ire
So finely did through all the sculpture run,
That life almost was by its art outdone.

93.

What other groupes upon the other sides
The same great master curiously had wrought,
I leave to say ; sufficient there abides
To be by me into one canto brought ;
But South, and East, and West, whoever rides
To that fair monument, shall to my thought
Behold as lovely, and divine a work,
As e'er was spoil'd by the unfeeling Turk.

94.

Clorinda with her spear the marble stroke,
To point to Palamede some finer form,
When straightway through a thousand fissures broke
A cloud of birds, that all the air deform ;
As thick as locusts, that their vengeance wroke
On hapless Egypt ; such a night and storm
Of plumed birds, with flapping of their wings,
And beat of beak, amazed both the kings.

95.

Some thousands with the sword and spear they kill'd,
But yet new flocks ascended in the air,
Till all the forest with their wings they fill'd,
Nor longer to look up the monarchs dare ;
But, setting spur to horse, with terror fill'd,
For flight, their only refuge, they prepare ;
But swifter than they fled the birds pursu'd ;
It seem'd they meant to make the kings their food.

96.

With beak and plume they chac'd them thro' the wood,
Their fearful cries resounding in the air ;
Each knight believ'd it was the devil's brood,
That meant to chace his senses to despair :
Both shield and spear they flung into the wood,
Which sounds not of so valiant knights so fair ;
Like madmen then they spurr'd and dropt the reins ;
At last they came into the open plains.

97.

The birds of night, then, wheeling to their den,
Declin'd the combat in the eye of day,
And left the knights unto their thoughts again,
Faint, breathless, feeble from their late affray :
For fifty minutes yet, and hardly then,
For fear the birds should on their visage prey,
They lifted not the head, but with a look,
Stole sideways, of their case some knowledge took.

98.

They scarcely could believe their foes were gone,
The dismal cry yet ringing in their ears,
But deem'd the fatal birds would come anon,
And hardly could restrain their quaking fears ;
At length they saw the fading day was done,
And Hesper in the gloomy air appears ;
But now for the divine Clorinda's sake,
Our way into the wood again we take.

99.

The beamy spear and helmet of the maid,
That wisely had been charm'd from foreign woe,
Permitted not the birds to ply their trade
Against Clorinda, as the weaker foe,
Yet weaker was she not, but lent her aid
To save the kings, and with her spear laid low
Some thousands of that overwhelming crew ;
But thousands in this case were still too few.

100.

'Tis vain to combat, where, the more you kill,
The faster to your sword your foes arrive ;
Besides, by this, the kings had had their fill,
Perceiving in that fight they could not thrive ;
To flight they were compell'd : the maiden still
A moment did with wond'rous courage strive
To clear the air, but longer could not stay ;
She turn'd her steed, and swiftly fled away.

101.

So dazzled, and so spent her senses were
In that vain combat and illusive fight,
Had with the dusky habitants of air,
She hardly could discern her passage right ;
But wander'd in the forest here and there,
And thought amid the boughs to pass the night ;
When straight before her, in an alley green,
A princely hart, and beautiful was seen.

102.

Around his neck a silver bell was plac'd,
With which sweet musick to the woods he made ;
And often was his neck with garlands grac'd,
When so they heard him braying in the shade,
By maidens, that about the forest pac'd ;
As white as milk, but when the hounds were laid,
His branching antlers reaching to the sky,
Like Zephyr, or a Parthian dart would fly.

103.

Now whether he was sent, as seems to me,
By great Diana to Clorinda's aid,
To set her feet from out that forest free ;
Or whether he but ply'd his wonted trade,
(As in the cities, so in woods we see
The dappled burghers are to theft betray'd,)
And meant but in the meads, that skirt the wood,
To take his supper, and his balmy food :

104.

Clorinda, who believ'd his mind was so,
Pursuing still his tract to left and right,
That leisurely about the wood did go,
Had soon the champaign blazing in her sight :
And now the West with crimson 'gan to glow,
And flakes of amber, mixt with purple bright,
And Hesperus in tender air to reign,
When fair Clorinda issu'd on the plain.

105.

She heard a damsel singing on the plain,
As joyous as the lark at break of day,
Or that sweet bird, that in the night doth reign,
That all the air was filled with her lay ;
A herdsman's daughter, and did there restrain
Her wanton steeds to wander in their play,
And, browsing, o'er the silver hills to roam ;
And this her song, the while she drove them home.

106.

“ O happy state, the happiest of all !
“ The blameless herdsman in the flow’ry plain ;
“ He cares not for great kingdoms’ rise or fall,
“ Or battles, that the mighty Consuls gain ;
“ His homely thoughts no foreign guiles can call,
“ He in his cottage, and his herd doth reign ;
“ If Phœbus through the welkin look but clear,
“ His peaceful mind is joyous through the year.

107.

“ Before the sun to drive them to the lea,
“ Or up the mountain, tracking in the dew ;
“ To see that they in good contentment be,
“ And eat their balmy breakfast, as is due ;
“ At noon from out the hills to set them free,
“ And to the vallies their soft steps pursue,
“ Wherein amid the streams, and silver shade
“ They wanton, till the light of day doth fade,

108.

“ Sufficeth him : then, browsing on the way,
“ By Hesper bright he driveth to the fold ;
“ Before his door his little children play,
“ His tender wife him in her arms doth hold :
“ O happy state ! far different they say,
“ From theirs, whom guilty purple doth infold ;
“ O happy state ! (and sweetly she did sing,)
“ The herdsman of himself is truly king !”

109.

Clorinda, then, appearing from the shade
With glist'ring armour, made the song to cease ;
The damsel was at first some whit dismay'd ;
But when Clorinda, in soft terms of peace,
For that sad night to give her shelter pray'd,
She yielded to her wish ; which much did please
The gentle herdsman, and his daughter dear :
But more in the next canto will appear.

THE
SECOND CANTO.

1.

SOME criticks may believe my verse is ill,
That I within no limit am confin'd,
But wander, like a straying horse, at will,
Whose master by a chance is left behind,
O'er wood, o'er plain, o'er valley, and o'er hill :
But these objectors to my verse are blind ;
(Then let their cynick censure be forbid,)
I do in this what Ludovico did.

2.

That mighty Poet, that Ferrara charm'd,
And still shall charm until the latest day ;
And universal envy had disarm'd,
If that could be, with his melodious lay :
Who e'er affirm'd, that he his glory harm'd,
Because he travell'd not the beaten way?
But wander'd, where his fancy led him, soon
To Africa, to Hades, or the Moon ?

3.

Without regard of season, or of time ;
But Nature was companion of his flight,
And all the Muses by his side would climb
Above Olympus, or go down to Night,
When thither, with his company sublime,
He turn'd his feet ; and open'd by his might
The gates of Hell : but there he stay'd not long ;
But to the living world restor'd his song.

4.

I not pretend to equal his renown,
Or take my journey with so large a flight :
This were, as if a loose, and shambling clown,
With oaken staff, should combat with a knight,
Whose spirit had been nurs'd in trumpet's sown,
Who for a princess did demand the fight,
With sword, and spear, with helmet, and with shield ;
God help the man, to undertake the field !

5.

But what in him is good, in me is ill,
Unless to both this method be allow'd :
Nor will it with too much displeasure fill
My weaker mind, if I but please the crowd,
Despairing of the learned men of skill :
Yet some, of whom that Poet might be proud,
And worthy of a nobler verse than mine,
Approve my thought, and favour my design.

6.

Whose praises yet I fear not to rehearse,
Till all the world shall with their fame be fill'd,
In some more just, and more heroick verse :
But well it is, the vineyard must be till'd,
The husbandmen we fitly must disperse,
Till all the lands be drain'd, the weeds be kill'd,
And with the good manure the soil be dress'd,
Before the swelling fruitage can be press'd.

7.

But chiefly * He shall in my song be seen,
Whose glory, like the sacred eye of Morn,
Can break the cloudy night, with joyous sheen,
And all the world with beauty doth adorn,
As if the first sweet morning now it been :
Since none of nobler progeny is born,
Or graces with diviner gifts his birth,
'Twere pity, were his name confin'd to Earth.

* The very noble Lord, the Earl of Moira.

8.

Ye sacred Muses, take it, when is need,
And place it high amid' the silv'ry sphere,
With anthems of delight, from error freed ;
Till by the star of Astrophel, that clear
Doth shine upon our Northern Isle, and lead
Th' eternal musick of the wand'ring Year,
It sparkle may with light, and guide us well,
The star of Hastings, close to Astrophel.

9.

But now to you, my * *, I return,
Since 'tis for your delight this song is made,
While you upon the banks of * * learn
Th' unerring volume, which if rightly weigh'd,
New glory to your labour shall return ;
Ah ! might the sacred Muses but persuade
Your learned leisure to their silv'ry spring,
The world would hear an Ariosto sing !

10.

Then would the praise of fair Hermione
Be fitly vaunted in a noble song,
With all the nymphs, that keep her company ;
Then would Clorinda lead the armed throng,
To dissipate th' invading chivalry,
That would exempt fair Flordilege from wrong ;
And with Orlando, by the sacred wall,
Divine Hermilda would the foe enthrall.

11.

But since to you severer truth is dear,
And duty prompts you to a mightier task,
I must begin this varied web to clear,
And brighten from the rust this aged casque :
In doubt I am, if rather you would hear
Of fair Clorinda, or th' event would ask
Of that late journey of Hermione ;
But for the present it untold must be.

12.

For, hark ! I hear a silver trumpet bray,
The mountains quake with terrour at the song,
And charmed air doth wander with affray ;
I see amid' the hills a goodly throng
From out a castle speed upon their way
A knight, and horse, both beautiful and strong :
Upon his plumed crest the knight doth bear
The golden apples, nodding in the air.

13.

Hereafter to be fam'd beyond the fruit,
That in the garden of Hesperides,
Defended of the nymphs, with fair repute
Compell'd the sacred feet of Hercules ;
Eridanus, for fables so impute,
Beyond the purple washing of the seas,
Directed him to find the sacred shore ;
If Hercules be much, this knight is more,

14.

So mighty is his fame ; of ev'ry knight,
Through all the Pagan lands, and Palestine,
And Westwardly, where virtue shines more bright,
Acknowledg'd for his acts, and deem'd divine :
Since heav'nly Virtue, for a golden light,
First plac'd him here, amid' the world to shine :
As doth the Sun amid' the wond'ring air,
Or Moon amid' the stars, supremely fair.

15.

I speak then of Zerbino, who is gone
From out the castle, as to you I said ;
In fields of Persia lately had he won
Great honour and renown, that in him bred
New ardour, till he made the world his own :
With fair Aurora rising from his bed,
He left his host, and, clad in burning gold,
He sought the plains, as I to you unfold.

16.

And much revolving in his noble mind
Of moral virtue, as it best is taught ;
That fairest, greatest blessing of mankind,
Before religion to our aid was brought ;
Of war, but just ; of polity refin'd,
By which small states to mighty worth are wrought ;
With wisdom on his way he lov'd to dwell :
Now his adventure I to you will tell.

17.

It was the jolly, and earth-teeming Spring ;
The daffodils did in the meads appear,
That still their pensive heads do lowly fling,
As shedding for Narcissus' fate a tear ;
Whom beauty to that sad event did bring,
That loved in a stream himself too dear,
And pined with the vain delight away ;
Such pleasure did his face to him convey.

18:

Now Dian, for he was to Dian dear,
As well by beauty, as his virtue's charm,
Perceiving how he lov'd that mirror clear,
In which his fatal beauty did him harm,
Would not remove him, as it may appear,
But with soft pity did his fate disarm ;
She turn'd him to a pale, and silken flow'r,
That on itself still gazes to this hour.

19.

No fountain, be its silver water pure,
Unless sad herbs have in it's wave been thrown,
By those, that can the charmed Moon allure
To leave her sphere, but reckons for it's own
The pale Narcissus, that with passion pure
Still feeds upon itself; but, newly blown,
The Nymphs will pluck it from its tender stalk,
And say, " Go, fool, and to thy image talk,"

20.

I say, the daffodils did now appear,
The silver lambs did wanton them among,
And, singing at the gate of Heaven clear,
The lark awaken'd Ether with her song ;
But Philomel, that is to shepherds dear,
Was still in Egypt, the thick reeds among ;
The mavis, and the ouzel in the shade,
Each other to it's mate, did love persuade.

21.

And Procne, in the marble plains of air,
For Itys did with weeping song complain ;
But time had somewhat soften'd her despair,
And pity did prevail through all the strain ;
And yet her restless passage did declare
The fatal wrongs of Tereus did remain ;
Her weeping song, upon the silv'ry brim,
Resounded of poor Itys, and of him.

22.

So swiftly from the impious king she fled,
And swiftly has e'er since pursu'd her flight,
Still weeping for the cruel rage, that shed
The guiltless soul of Itys, in despite
Of that vile king ;—but whither am I led
In soft description from the wand'ring knight?
Zerbino through the valley took his way :
The Zephyrs with his golden crest did play.

23.

As much delighted with the beauteous fruit,
That, like a banquet, on his helm y-shone,
When joyous marriage doth with parents suit,
And the sweet musick is so touch'd, and blown
From shawm, and trumpet, dulcimer, and lute,
That Jealousy with love doth look thereon ;
And Hymen with a golden song doth tell,
How the pure marriage doth with angels dwell !

24.

I say, Zerbino through the valley went,
And poured forth his soul to God on high,
Who blesseth still his creatures with extent
Of goodness, and to them doth nought deny,
But what perhaps with evil is y-blent :
Now Phœbus in the air was flaming high,
And the green lizard in the flow'ry brake
To shelter from the Sun did her betake.

25.

The shrill cicada deafen'd with her song
The sultry air, and made the hills to quake ;
The fishes to the depth of rivers throng,
The birds within the leaves a descant make ;
The heat doth do their pretty musick wrong :
Now, quitting the cold woods, the speckled snake,
Exulting in the burning light, displays
His forked tongue, and revels in the blaze.

26.

Enduring not the flashing beams of day,
The knight betook him to a flow'ry shade,
Wherein in gentle slumber as he lay,
The restless fancy such amusement made,
With revel in his thoughts, and elfish play,
It seem'd he wander'd in a beauteous glade,
Where silv'ry orange, and the myrtle sweet
In soft embraces o'er his head did meet.

27.

He deem'd he heard, and so he truly did,
A song, of sweetness to ascend the sky,
And rest amid' the bliss, to us forbid,
Until indeed our latest moments fly,
And all, that to our earthly sight was hid,
In radiant prospect doth before us lie ;
He deem'd he heard a tender virgin sing
This song of love, and anthem for a king.

28.

“ O youthful guest, whose lineaments divine
“ Bespeak you of the blood of kings to be,
“ That softly wander on these shores of mine,
“ Where all things of delight you well may see,
“ If to diviner wisdom you incline,
“ And thirst for fruit of immortality,
“ Zerbino, to your sight I will declare
“ What wonders are in earth, in sea, in air.

29.

“ The silv'ry dragons to the team of thought,
“ That feed upon the pleasure of the air,
“ From out their silent caverns shall be brought,
“ And yoked to the wheel ; do you prepare,
“ Zerbino, as when greatest things are wrought,
“ To fortify your breast with sacred prayer ;
“ For in a little space you shall behold
“ The courts of amber, and the gates of gold !

30.

“ I tell you, you shall walk the shades of night,
“ And hear the song, that can turn back the day,
“ For Hell, Zerbino, opens to my might,
“ And upward to the Morning I can stray :
“ The Muse I am, that offer to your sight
“ The banks of Lethe, and the starry way :
“ No harm shall meet you on your sacred road ;
“ For Virtue in all worlds hath her abode.

31.

“ 'Tis Virtue, not your golden arms can save
“ Your soul from Evil, that with wand'ring flight
“ Doth journey on the wing of Care, and brave
“ The fine perdition of the beamy light ;
“ For Rest is not her consort, by the wave
“ Of Stygian darkness, or the crystal height ;
“ But with an iron plume she beats the air,
“ Incessant on her journey of despair.

32.

“ Not feared by the mind, whose beauteous thought
“ Is dear to Angels, and with Angel’s wing
“ O’er-shadow’d, when to depths of darkness brought,
“ And fed with nectar of immortal Spring :
“ Then come, Zerbino, without fear of ought,
“ As Virgil did of old, the Poet’s king,
“ Ascend with me into the crystal air,
“ And see what love, and what delights are there.

33.

“ I will you show the palace of the Moon,
“ And take you in the track of Phœbus’ car,
“ In all his glorious altitude at Noon ;
“ Where you may wonder, how each little star,
“ Like pearl, upon the milky air is strewn ;
“ And see the World diminish’d from afar :
“ Awake, Zerbino, for the Sun is high,
“ And we ere night must to Olympus fly.

34.

“Awake, Zerbino!” and the knight awoke,
And saw before him, on the flo’wry ground,
The beauteous Muse, that like an Angel spoke,
More soft than is in Spring the thunder’s sound :
A golden plume from each fair shoulder broke,
And with a laurel leaf her hair was bound ;
Her hair, that like Italian harvests shone,
When burning Ætna flameth them upon !

35.

She stood in height as stately, and as tall,
As some fair temple, to Diana dear,
On which the golden light of Heav’n doth fall,
That staineth with it’s face the silver year :
Round which, when Jove doth to his daughter call,
The golden-hoofed harts do start for fear,
And fly into the sacred woods again :
So stood the Muse upon the flow’ry plain.

36.

And in her hand a myrtle branch she bore,
With bud and blossom beautifully adorn'd,
And shining leaves, a very plenteous store ;
Which she had fairly pluck'd, and not suborn'd,
From off the bright, and ever-sacred floor,
With which the house of Phœbus is adorn'd :
The little bees of that celestial air
Still murmur'd in it's leaves, and blossoms fair.

37.

On whatso forehead she that myrtle laid,
In yet unpractis'd youth, and flow'ring age,
That sacred head was by her counsel sway'd :
Nor can he in the foaming chase engage,
Nor practise yet the gainful merchant's trade,
Nor seek of mighty war the iron rage,
Nor yet to love can yield his spirit pure ;
But is her pupil, and must so endure,

38.

But wisest kings, that with a sacred eye
Behold their subjects, and allot to each
Their gracious smiles, and equal majesty,
With condescension of their awful speech,
When they approve th' immortal Poësy,
Protect the man, that can with wisdom teach
What Virtue to true spirits doth unfold,
By great example of the times of old.

39.

They fill him with deep cups of Bacchus old,
And bless him with the fat of venison ;
The while some ancient tale is strictly told,
And reverend Age doth give its benison
To what the stately tables do uphold :
Then musick, that is sure a denizen
Of Phœbus' court, with some immortal air,
The light digestion doth for him prepare.

40.

So then upon the stringed harp he sings
A song, that may delight Olympian Jove ;
Of something, which he learnt beside the springs
Of Helicon, that with eternal love
He fills the feast, and to sweet madness brings
The breast of him, who from his throne above
Doth bow his ear to catch the sacred song,
And drinketh with delight the musick strong.

41.

Now so Augustus to our Virgil did ;
He fed him with the black Falernian wine ;
By which the themes, that else had been forbid,
Were chanted with sweet love, and joy divine :
Too long his Muse had been with shepherds hid,
But now amid' the stately courts doth shine ;
By great Mecænas to Augustus brought,
All Italy had glory in his thought.

42.

But, checking here the rein, I must return
To good Zerbino, that with wonder heard
Th' immortal song, that made his spirit burn,
And fancy with divine ambition spurr'd
To travel, where such love he could discern,
As by that fairest Goddess was averr'd :
But when he saw the glory of her face,
The knight fell down, and worshipp'd on the place.

43.

“ A Goddess, sure! that deignest to behold
“ Our earthly shore,” and further would have said ;
But that the Muse in pity did uphold
His fainting step, and to his sight convey'd
The wond'rous chariot, bidding him be bold,
For virtue to itself is surest aid :
The silv'ry dragons, in the marble air,
Did champ the bit, and for swift flight prepare.

44.

The knight ascended with the beauteous Muse,
(But first unto a myrtle tied his horse,)
And soon did of the Earth all vision lose,
And in the middle air pursued his course,
Above the region of the mists, and dews,
To where the Morning has her fragrant source :
So hotly did the beams of Phœbus play,
The knight almost had fainted by the way.

45.

And playing in the soft, and balmy air,
A thousand butterflies, in beauteous swarms,
(The while they for a higher flight prepare,)
Did cover with their wings his golden arms ;
And o'er his head were an upsoaring pair
Of beauteous birds, that with their musick's charms
The spirit of Zerbino drown'd in bliss :
No mortal ear e'er heard a song like this.

46.

The knight then to his fair companion said,
“ Before we to Olympus take our flight,
“ A little further East I would be led,
“ And with the Sacred City bless my sight ;
“ Before the which such noble knights have bled,
“ And still shall bleed in that most holy fight,
“ Until the tomb, and temple of our Lord
“ Shall be from Pagans to the Faith restor'd.”

47.

Then with a gentle voice the silv'ry team
She urg'd right forward to the Morning's rise,
Diverging to the Earth, 'till now 'gan gleam
Jerusalem amid' the golden skies :
Behold ! the fruitful olives, in the beam
Of Phœbus, like a crown, around her rise :
And, sitting on her sacred hill alone,
The daughter of fair Sion makes her moan.

48.

For, ah ! her pride is gone, her glory waste,
Her temples in the mournful dust are laid ;
Dishonour'd by her foemen, and defac'd,
That so the will of God might be obey'd ;
Her sons are slain, her ramparts are displac'd,
A byeword to the nations she is made ;
And yet, abandon'd, like a mourning queen,
Magnificent in sorrow she is seen.

49.

No more her songs of marriage shall be heard
To shake the roofs of cedar, and of gold ;
No more her youth shall be to battle stirr'd,
When they the fairness of her state behold :
No more within her gates, at ev'ning heard,
Her aged men shall commune, and unfold
The wonders of their youth, and fairer days ;
But mute her love, and silent is her praise.

50.

Shall ever then, Jerusalem, again
The Angel of the Lord in thee be seen,
When that memorial of the lamb is slain,
To shake the waters of Bethesda clean?
By which the halt, and wither'd were again,
Like youthful roes, and like the laurels green ;
And they, that wept in darkness, were restor'd,
To view the setting Sun, and bless the Lord?

51.

Three times around, amid' the pitying air,
The wond'rous chariot on its axle turn'd,
To take the compass of that city fair ;
The while the knight with indignation burn'd,
To see her made the spectacle of care ;
And inly to destroy those Pagans yearn'd :
But then soft pity o'er his reason stole,
And tears betray'd the feelings of his soul.

52.

“ Thy fault is great, and great is thy reward :
“ But is it fit, those Infidels should hold
“ The sacred tomb, and temple of our Lord,
“ Which still with love the Morning doth behold,
“ And still the Ev’ning doth with love regard?
“ O, be it not to after ages told,
“ That any Christian knight doth live, and see
“ Thy courts defil’d with such vile progeny!

53.

“ If I forsake thee, Salem, in thy need,
“ Forsaken may I be of God on high !
“ It makes indeed my very heart to bleed,
“ To see thee in distress, and ruin lie :
“ The while the ensign of that faithless seed,
“ The flouting crescent high in air doth fly ;
“ Must then the cross be trampled in the dust?
“ It shall not be so, as in God I trust.

54.

“ Farewell, awhile !” then, turning on his way,
The knight betook him to the upper air :
Full gently did the Muse her dragons sway,
Which lightly through the clouds their burthen bear :
A silent tear of virtue there did stray
Adown her sunny cheek, like marble, fair :
Then with a peaceful smile she look’d on high,
And bade her thoughts unto their fountain fly.

55.

They passed o’er the broad sev’n-mouthed Nile,
Beholding on the right the Cyprus shore,
And then to Crete, where Jupiter erewhile
Was hid from Saturn, that much malice bore
To those, that him should of his reign beguile ;
Wherein a hundred cities were of yore :
Then o’er Cythera, and the Cyclades,
And Corinth, and its gulf they pass with ease.

56.

Then forward o'er the Mount of Helicon,
But Thebes, and Athens to the right were left,
And Delphi then with joy they look upon,
That on the south-west of Parnassus' cleft
Is in a vale, and, as old fables won,
Was center to the Earth, but now bereft
Of that large honour; then they Pindus saw,
Wherein Apollo gives the Muses law.

57.

Then all Thessalia open'd to their view,
And all Pelasgia, 'till Olympus shone
At distance in the air, to which they flew,
And with a sweet delight alighted on :
Within a pleasant cave they then withdrew ;
Beneath the which the springs of Helicon
Did bubble from the Earth, and bless their sight :
Now you may joy to rest you from your flight.

58.

But if to you I should recite the streams,
The glorious forests, and the cities fair,
O'er which Zerbino pass'd, such lovely themes
Your gen'rous goodness might fatigue too far ;
Such as Eurota, that by Sparta gleams,
Or Pindus, or the deep Cephissus are,
Or Argos, or the ancient Sycion,
Or Nemea, or the Persic Marathon :

59.

But here I rest ; this only will I say,
Who tells them all, must number, and discern
The leaves, that in the woods of Summer play,
The stars, that in the skies of Winter burn :
Since from the height of Ida, on their way,
Diverging to the sloping Earth they turn :
But now within a cave, as is exprest,
On side of great Olympus they can rest.

60.

Until the palace of high Jove doth shine
With golden light, and Phœbe on her throne
In beauteous state, and majesty divine,
To all the host of planets now is shown;
And Earth is lighten'd with her beamez fine:
The swelling tides by her are overflown,
And on the Scythian hills, with winter bright,
Th' enamoured wolves do bay throughout the night.

61.

Upon the threshold of the cave they stand,
And thence look out into the balmy night,
And hear some distant sounds on either hand:
The hoarser Bosphorus, with great affright,
Doth murmur on the left, and Scylla's strand
Is vexed with the waves upon the right,
And Lipari doth burn, and then they hear
The blows of Vulcan strike upon the ear.

62.

Zerbino, and the Muse again ascend,
Right upward to the zenith of the Moon,
And with so swift delight their journey tend,
They in her silver gates are enter'd soon :
But here another fable must be penn'd,
As sweet as is the dewy rose in June,
And downward to the Earth we must begone,
To hear the message of the Amazon.

63.

And therefore for a little while must stay
Zerbino in that lovely planet's house ;
Where if he sojourn'd for a year and day,
Not all its wonders could his soul espouse,
Which he would wish to bring with him away ;
But not a chamber in that silver house,
But silently we mean to wander o'er,
And to the Earth it's pleasure will restore,

4.

It is indeed the World's epitome,
And a brief abstract of our lives below,
By which Zerbino in a glass may see
What here in many years he could not know ;
For to that place, as to a treasury,
The fumes of our distracted reasons flow,
And there take shape, and in their essence be ;
But here we will rejoin Hermione.

65.

The warlike virgin to the palace rode,
Her crimson plumage floating in the sky,
The sun-beams from her radiant armour flow'd,
And all her looks were full of majesty ;
But love therein had never his abode :
From banquets, and from beds she wont to fly,
And with the steely spear, and flick'ring sword,
Great honour to her nation did afford.

66.

She found the Caliph, pensive and alone,
Within his garden, walking to and fro,
From whence unto the greedy eye were shown
A hundred cities interspers'd below,
Upon the banks of Nile, from Memphis down
To Delta, where his fatt'ning waters flow
With uproar to the sea ; obeisance made,
And princely greeting, thus the virgin said :

67.

“ What sorrow makes my lord, the Caliph, here,
“ Or counsel of some great affair of state?
“ But I believe, when to his wisest ear
“ My fearful tale, and message I relate,
“ He will exchange his sceptre for a spear,
“ His purple vestment for a mailed plate,
“ And show to Egypt, and the Eastern world
“ His streaming ensign, to the winds unfurl'd.

68.

“ O'er hill and valley I am come with speed
“ To show my lord the dangers that abound,
“ How all the Pagan world shall sadly bleed,
“ And Christian knights upon our Eastern ground
“ Awake the vaulted Echo with the steed,
“ Upon adventure to that city bound,
“ Wherein entombing, after timeless death,
“ They laid to sleep the man of Nazareth.

69.

“ Three times hath Phœbus lash'd his fiery steeds
“ Along the brazen archway of the sky,
“ And fill'd with purple light th' abundant meads ;
“ Since by the wave, that deep and silently
“ From Sura to the Persian gulph proceeds,
“ Before the tomb, where Gordian doth lie,
“ Our horses of the sweet Euphrates drank,
“ And we our tents had pitched on the bank.

70.

“ No sound awak'd the ever-silent night,
“ The stars with pleasure burnt amid' the air,
“ And pale Diana, with a soft delight,
“ Did bathe her visage in Euphrates fair ;
“ I sate, as I am wont, to feed my sight,
“ And in the lovely sky forget my care ;
“ For all that even I with Virgil's song
“ Had fed my soul, amid' the Greekish throng.

71.

“ Then silence reign'd amid' the beauteous sky,
“ Save when Euphrates murmur'd on the ear,
“ Or else our silver steeds, that fed thereby,
“ Did neigh unto the pale and watchful sphere,

* * * * *

SYLVA:

OR

SEVERAL COPIES

OF

VERSES.

I.

TO

A VERY ILLUSTRIOUS
NOBLEMAN.*

SWEET as the silver voice of Victory,
Enlarging the fair glory of a king,
Or that lamenting bird, in Summer free,
That to the shepherd's thirsty ear doth sing ;
As sweet as to divining fancy ring
The golden axles of the circling Sphere,
So sweetly in thy praise, on Angel's wing,
I mean to soar beyond the solar year :
And there, escap'd from anguish and from fear,
To triumph in the sparkling fount of day,
Thy harbinger, that brightly shalt appear
In that celestial walk ; as fair as they,
Whom Earth, of her heroick race, hath sent,
To be her glory, and her argument !

* Francis Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Moira ; whose portrait, if it shall ever be correctly drawn, will be the delight and admiration of future ages.

2.

VERSES,

IN ALL HUMILITY

DEDICATED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE PRINCE REGENT.

As when the burning majesty of day
The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away
To reach the summit of the Eastern hill ;
(And sweet expectance all the World doth fill ;)

With all his gorgeous company of clouds,
(Wherein sometimes his awful face he shrouds,)
Of amber, and of gold, he marcheth on,
And the pure Angels sing before his throne ;

Beneath his feet the beams of Morning play ;
Before him the immortal Seasons stray ;
And, looking down from that thrice-sacred height,
He fills the boundless kingdoms with his light :

So You, great Sir, if fitly we design
The kingly glory by a type divine,
Like that exalted Shepherd,* on his way,
Disperse our darkness, and restore our day :

The tears, which we have shed, no more shall flow ;
Your beauteous rising in our hearts shall glow ;
And hymns of praise, as we behold your light,
Shall warble from the bosom of the night !

* Apollo, or the Sun.

3.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE
EARL OF MOIRA,
TO THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

Not, India, that thy fruitful bosom glows
With all, that of the golden Sun hath birth ;
Not that the Ganges to thy Ocean flows,
Whose praises have been heard through all the Earth ;
No, India, not for these, though gifts they are
Of peerless beauty, and of sacred praise,
But for what else God hath assign'd thy share,
Thy happiness above the skies I raise :
That Thou, beneath Britannia's gentle sway,
In honour, and in peace art still upheld,
Whose noblest sons thy equal balance weigh,
And wield the sword, by which thy foes are quell'd ;
And chief, that now the World's fair light is gone,
To rule thee, and to make thy bliss his own !

4.

A SONG,
TO
AMORET.

1.

LET not a tear thus stain thy cheek,
Which glows a purple flame ;
Nor yet thy swelling bosom speak
This mighty lust of fame :
Methinks 'tis lovely woman's due,
To triumph in our glory too.

2.

Did not the soft Egyptian queen,
Whom great Antonius lov'd,
Appear at Actium's fatal scene,
In peril, unprov'd ?
If, trembling, then from fate she fled,
Love o'er her fault his veil hath shed.

3.

Did not the blooming Sappho oft
Awake the chorded shell,
Her murm'ring bliss, and passion soft,
To other maids to tell?
And bade them fly disastrous love,
Or Phaon's scorn themselves might prove?

4.

These two mix'd glory with their love,
As of a soul divine,
All other women far above,
Till thou on Earth did'st shine;
In whose soft beauty we discern,
How Venus makes Olympus burn.

5.

Then let not silver tears upon
Thy panting bosom fall ;
Nor grief disturb that marble throne,
My life, my world, my all !
As thou from guilty thoughts art free,
So pure be thy felicity !

6.

Let rosy garlands crown thy head,
Thy cup the ruby wine ;
The passion, that thy lips have fed,
Shall make my love divine :
Thou in this happy verse shalt be
The darling of futurity !*

* This line occurs in the " Song to Ælla," one of the productions of the great, but unfortunate Chatterton ; the only real Poet, who has appeared in England, since the days of Shakspeare and Milton.

5.

Now gaze the stags upon the glassy brooks,
Then slowly through their leafy walks retire,
The huntsman from his close-shut casement looks,
And heaps new wood upon his blazing fire ;
The lowing kine, from out the flow'ry meads,
Now pale and frozen, under shelter stand,
The ox within his stall contented feeds,
And plough and wain are idle on the land ;
The hind within the house his labour plies,
The dreaming hound upon the hearth is laid,
The flapping sea-gull from the coastward flies,
And robin now can perch on axe and spade :
This, this is Autumn, when the freezing sky,
And mournful air proclaim the Winter nigh !°

6.

A DIALOGUE OF TWO SHEPHERDS.

THENOT.

1.

THE softer season now will soon be here,
To clothe the world in purple, and in green,
And Philomel, that rules the warbling year,
Her gentle descants will ensue between
The flow'ring orange, and the myrtle green ;
And Phœbus, who too much his course delays,
Enthron'd in joy, will lengthen out the days.

2.

Then shall we lie amid' the meads again,
And crown our locks with garlands of the Spring,
And from our slender pipes breathe out a strain
Of joyous welcome, and sweet revelling,
To which the shepherds, and their nymphs will sing ;
And ever, 'gainst the warm and Summer hours,
The laughing Pan we will y-bind in flow'rs.

3.

For now the bitter cold of Winter past,
The lovely mavis singeth on the bough ;
And I, who thought the cruel time surpast
All other ills, which I have felt till now,
To Pan, and Flora will renew my vow ;
And eke to Phœbus, that with golden ray,
O happy light ! doth over-crown the day.

4.

Methinks, already on my reeds I blow,
And charm the World with glory of my Song
For Winter now is gone, and with it woe,
And sparkling Summer will be here ere long ;
Then cast I here away the Winter's wrong :
This day I call the fairest of the year,
That shows the soft delights of Spring are near.

MENALCAS.

5.

I know not, Thenot, sith thy speech is so,
Or happy, or unhappy thee to call ;
But youthful minds cannot endure with woe ;
But of soft joy, and hope are prodigal,
Whereby into more grief oftimes they fall :
But let not the like case in thee be found,
Who shall, I think, in happiness abound.

6.

But, foolish boy, is Summer then so near ?
The grass-hoppers are wiser far than thee ;
And Philomel can better count the year,
That finds it not of promise yet so free,
But foreign to our meads she still would be ;
All prodigal delights, before their time,
Must perish in dark Winter's baleful clime.

7.

The wint'ry wind, which is but sleeping now,
Shall blow throughout the reeds, of which you boast,
Ere from the river's brink, to breathe your vow,
You gather the soft stalks, that to their cost
Must to and fro in the wild storm be tost :
But not the less their musick will be sweet,
When with the Spring, and with your voice they meet.

8.

I think you see the Summer in the face
Of that divine, and merest paragon,
That violet, to whom all plants are base,
That star, that is but joy to look upon,
With whom you would be in the world alone ;
And fain would die, so in her sight to die,
And count it gain, and cheap felicity !

9.

O happy shepherd, yet unhappy too !
'Twas here you saw the lovely Summer smile ;
Forgetful, that the coming days renew
The wasteful Winter, while you so beguile
Yourself with love, and softly smooth your style ;
Wherein in silver songs we soon shall hear
Of whate'er crowns the forehead of the year.

10.

The fault of age, which age may yet amend ;
But wot you well, that women's hearts are light,
And purpose frail ; when fairest they intend,
They oft are seen to wander from the right ;
So folly, and so fraud their leaves may blight :
But some as lovely, and as fix'd in soul,
As that fair star, that lights the Northern pole.

11.

And so may she, to whom your vows are due,
With fair requital those sweet vows repay ;
But lose not soul and honour in her view,
Nor think within her arms to make delay
Of time and season, that for none can stay :
For lovers, that the Summer antedate,
Will scant endure, when those soft days abate.

12.

So said the Shepherd to his younger peer,
The while to pasture for the night he drove,
In meads, where his soft charge no winds may fear :
But Thenot, whose delight was all in love,
Found little in his counsel to approve :
But, weaving a soft crown of myrtle green,
He bound in thought the forehead of his queen.

7.

THE Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold,
The mavis, and the nightingale by turns
Amid' the woods a soft enchantment hold :
The flow'ring woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread,
The wanton air amid' their alleys bright
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed :
The Nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The Angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine ;
Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret ! and think these sweets have place.

8.

A SONG.*

WHEN Chloris, like an Angel, walks,
Amid' the golden Spring,
And, fairer than the blooming flow'rs,
Of Nature's sweets will sing,
How can I choose, but prize the hours,
That fly on Rapture's wing?

Her voice is like the Morning light,
That from the amber gate,
On sea and earth divinely plays,
Which yet no clouds abate :
All Nature on her charms may gaze,
And find in her a mate.

* This Song has been beautifully set to musick by Mr. Stevens of the Charterhouse; a Gentleman, who, for his genius and science, is fit to have been the companion of Milton and Shakspeare, if they had lived in this time.

And can it be so soft a form,
A voice so clear, and sweet,
Which e'en the Angels can beguile,
With love shall never meet?
Though Chloris know it not the while,
Love reigns in her complete.

With ev'ry sweetest flow'r, that blows,
For flow'rs to her are dear,
Her marble forehead we will crown,
Till she outshine the year:
Let Jove come from Olympus down,
And view our beauty here!

9.

A SONG.

THE lilies in the silver air,
Are they inflam'd with love?
In beauteous marriage do they pair,
And its soft rapture prove?
Yes: ev'ry sweet delight they share,
The golden Earth above.

The fountains, that Aurora streaks,
Do they in passion flow?
Of love, that ev'ry creature seeks,
Can wat'ry bosoms know?
Yes: ev'ry plaintive murmur speaks
Their soft delight in woe.

The marbles, in whose polish'd face
The flow'ry Summer burns,
Can these be touch'd by perfect grace,
And know of love the turns?
Yes, love in these has fairest place,
As Nature's eye discerns.

The lilies, then, with pleasure die,
The fountains waste away,
The marbles view the Summer sky,
And fondly blame the day;
Yet you from me, O Daphne, fly,
And throw delight away.

Delight, which e'en the Angels find,
To be belov'd again!
And can that soft angelick mind
Let pity plead in vain?
In youth, in form, in nature kind,
You but affect disdain!

Amid' the lilies we will lie,
Or by the fountains' side,
Or near the beauteous marbles sigh,
Whom Fate shall not divide:
Upon your bosom let me die,
And I'm to Gods allied!

10.

A SONG.

WITHIN this soft, and silver bow'r
Her gentle feet have stray'd;
Her voice made bright the Morning hour,
And sooth'd the Ev'ning shade:
'Twas here I felt love's fatal pow'r,
In blooming looks convey'd.

With wonder now I gaze around,
And see no signs of woe:
The Sun, in beauteous splendour crown'd,
Makes all the landscape glow;
And joys the race of men surround,
That no soft passion know.

Yes, it is even sweet to me,
But sweet with thought of her ;
In ev'ry plant, and shady tree
Her image I prefer ;
And here, in love, and nature free,
With Daphne still confer.

Lend me, O dove, thy fleetest wings,
Thy fleetest wings awhile,
That I may fly, where Summer springs,
And banquet on her smile :
I would not ask the bliss of kings,
Crown'd with her love the while !

11.

THERE is no weed, that on the paling grows,
No herb, that in the shallow ditch is seen,
But is in beauty equal to the rose,
And like in heirship of this pendant scene :
So finds the philosophick mind, that plays
With Nature, as the searcher of her book ;
Why then let Zeno, to adorn his days,
For mallows, and the wanton ivies look :
But I, that am a lover, will not fail
To search amid' the softest beds of all,
For roses of the prime, and lilies pale,
To crown the brows of Nature's prodigal :
Whose check, in glory and delight, appears
More beautiful, than are the vernal years !

12.

IN Parian marble of divinest price,
In fairest gems, in silver and in gold,
In flow'ry sweets, that have been steeped thrice
In Phœbus' beams, and now his image hold,
In fountains, and in woods, in beauteous meads,
In palaces of pomp, and love withal,
In scooped chariots, and in fiery steeds,
I am, indeed, most rich and prodigal!
The Sun cannot behold a greater lord,
Nor doth the eye of Jove survey a man,
Whose fortune can such boundless wealth afford,
E'er since the artificial world began:
Thy face, which faults Olympus, is to me
This orb'd World, and Nature's treasury!

13.

SINCE all I see, (and all I see is fair,)

But springs from Jove, who is the source of all,
And so of kindred with Olympus' air,

But images what thence divine we call;
No fear there is, that, when my thread is spun,

My golden thread, for love appoints it so,
My heart with this soft passion should have done,

Which ending, in Olympus would be woe:
For since this beauty is but type of thee,

And Nature but the mirror of thy love,
Which oft the Angels may descend to see,

And find well pictur'd from their bliss above,
Thy memory in that immortal air,
All sights will keep, as in it's budding, fair.

14.

THY love is to my heart a boundless store
Of soft affection, which to love is near,
And those, that I have never priz'd before,
For thy dear sake are now to me most dear ;
Thy kindred, and thy friends, whose matchless worth,
As lost in darkness, were to me unknown,
By pure example light my path on Earth,
And by their virtues my defects are shown :
Then may I so improve the boundless grace,
Which from the marble air to me is sent,
That in my soul pure honour may have place,
And virtue her neglected stores augment :
For perfect in thyself thou art I see,
But yet more perfect in thy company.

15.

SAY nothing, that, to save thy lightest pain,
I willingly from out this World would pass;
Though there indeed my loss must be my gain,
That for a while must dwell from thee, alas!
No, even as thyself thy friends are dear;
Whatever thou hast lov'd from youth till now,
Is lov'd of me, and in affection near,
And for their safety I record my vow:
Never believe, that I am dull at heart,
When hazard shall be made of thee, and thine,
But with a perfect soul, and not in part,
I freely will this balmy air resign:
O, think but this, whatever love has dar'd,
For thy sweet sake shall of my love be heir'd.

16.

WHO best can paint th' enamell'd robe of Spring,
With flow'rets, and fair blossoms well bedight,
Who best can her melodious accents sing,
With which she greets the soft return of light,
Who best can bid the quaking tempest rage,
And make th' imperial arch of Heav'n to groan,
Breed warfare with the winds, and finely wage
Great strife with Neptune on his rocky throne,
Or lose us in those sad, and mournful days,
With which pale Autumn crowns the misty year,
Shall bear the prize, and in his true essays
A Poet in our awful eyes appear;
For whom let wine his mortal woes beguile,
Gold, praise, and Woman's thrice-endearing smile.

17.

TO THE VERY NOBLE,
AND ACCOMPLISHED,
THE LORD HOLLAND:
WITH MY BOOK OF POEMS.

WHAT here, imperfect, I have writ,
But with no vulgar pen,
To noble Holland I commit,
Deep read in books, and men :

His favour may protect the lines,
Which, if his judgment sway'd,
Compar'd with those more pure designs,
Must in the contrast fade.

Yet, though we judge the racer's speed
From his more weak essays,
We think not in the tender mead
To match his after days.

Perhaps, if time and grace be spar'd,
We may prepare a flight,
Wherein the heights of glory dar'd,
And the o'er-fabled Night,

From out those adamantine gates,
And plains of penal woe,
We may, returning to our mates,
In blameless triumph go.

I think, my Lord, to build a verse,
Which, if our language hold,
Shall through the sides of darkness pierce,
And to all time unfold,

In language of thrice-golden praise,
And ever-dear delight,
What lives amid' th' Olympick ways,
And in the shoreless Night :

With all, that of more ancient date,
Of fables sweet and pure,
Great bards have wisely snatch'd from fate,
And bade 'till now endure :

Not leaving, with thy wisest aid,
O sweet Philosophy,
To have that hidden wealth display'd,
Which doth in Nature lie :

So may I earn, (be Envy far !)
The long-disused crown,
The milk-white steeds, and golden car ;
The while, with Musick's sown

We softly to the temples move,
And, where the altars flame,
Lay down the trophies of our love,
And the bright spoils of fame.

Meantime, my Lord, let your great mind,
Where all the Virtues reign,
And all the Graces, thrice-refin'd,
A perfect rule maintain,

Who are unto the Muses dear,
And crown'd their eldest Son,
Protect me with your favour clear,
Till this soft spoil be won.

Whene'er upon the golden arch
I see the Morning speed,
I long to be upon my march
To that immortal meed :

For many times that golden God
Must fill the World with light,
And many times must quit his road,
For the dark waves of Night,

Ere yet to that disused shore
My guided feet shall come,
And find great Nature's hidden store,
Laid in her sacred home.

Within that garden if I find
One flow'r more pure and fair,
More sweet and fragrant to the mind,
Than flow'rs in Enna are ;

- Some true importing words I'll breathe,
And the sweet treasure pull,
To place it in your golden wreath,
Of life and beauty full.

Nor You, my Lord, the gift disdain :
Great Manso not disdain'd
The service of that learned swain,
Who of Godfredo feign'd

The mighty wars, the blameless thought,
The sweet parental care,
And Salem's sacred story wrought,
Which time shall ever spare :

Nor yet did wise Hippolito
That Tuscan artist scorn,
Who drew the fair Angelica
In colours, like the Morn,

And painted, O divinest thought !
That vast heroick mind,
By love to fatal madness brought,
And sunk in ruin blind !

O boundless Poet, can it be,
That, in these later times,
We may attain the majesty
Of your immortal rhymes?

The favour of the great and wise
Can lift the purest mind
To turn it's coursers to the skies,
And leave the World behind!

18.

How often have I wish'd, (a faulty vow !)
That thou amidst the burning battle shone,
And with a thousand foes, (more faulty now !)
Wert greatly match'd, and like to be undone :
Then have I thought, and gloried in the thought,
My soul should for thy dearest friendship flow,
And they, that with fell rage were overwrought
To ruin thee, should but effect my woe :
Which greatly on their heads thou wouldst revenge,
And make the stars acquainted with thine ire,
As clear Achilles did his peer avenge,
Whose love in Hector's life had full desire :
O blissful thought ! first for thy sake to die,
And then thy grief in my behalf to spy !

19.

O SIDNEY, that of Angels' race wert born,
Whose virtues in thy ancestors not slept,
What goodness did thy fleeting life adorn !
How swiftly was the World of thee bereft !
I question, was it writ, when first the light
Of Nature on thy infant eyes was shed,
That thou, of this sweet World the dear delight,
So swiftly from our sorrow should be fled ?
Or, say, did chance, the while thy Angel slept,
On thy unarmed life too soon invade ?
Whatever was thy fate, this truth is kept,
Thy soul was to the crystal air convey'd,
And there amid' angelick love delights
In all pure thoughts, and all immortal sights !

20.

Who have been great, in this our mortal clime,
Begirt around by the loud-voiced sea?
Why sacred Chaucer, that, in homely rhyme,
First held the lamp up to Posterity:
Then Spenser, in whose rich Virgilian strain
The moral Virtues are disposed fair:
Then glorious Milton, who surpass'd his reign
In depths of Hell, and in th' Olympick air:
But, most of all, and to our wond'ring eyes,
And to the eyes of all futurity,
Great Shakspeare stands, that was by Nature wise,
And made a spoil of his posterity;
When he was born, great Nature did her most,
And when he died, the World's delight was lost!

21.

O SPRING, accept me to thy arms again,
And lull me with the musick of your voice ;
For am I not by heirship of your train,
And charter'd in your glory to rejoice ?
Thou lovest me, and I in thee delight,
Nor can we part, till Nature give the word ;
Then love with weeping thoughts, and aching sight,
Unto another Spring shall be deferr'd :
But let not thought of this supposed change
The pleasure of our soft embraces mar ;
Throughout the golden meadows we will range,
And dance with Love beneath our joyous star :
Since leaves are in the bud, and daisies peep,
To Night and Winter banish woe and sleep !

22.

TO

A LADY:

WITH MY BOOK OF POEMS.

IF I possess'd great Tasso's wit,
Or Ariosto's fire,
To build some glorious labour up,
Till the whole World expire;

Fair Lady, to your sweet regard
That toil I would present,
And underneath your favour shield
My happy argument.

But since the Muses are forbade
In this time-lesser'd age ;
Since we with the too-blameful world
A hopeless war must wage :

In this, that we will not endure
T' impair divinest thought,
Or liken to the common use
What is for Angels wrought :

As some have done, who yet, perhaps,
Had no fine wings for flight,
But rather chose in grief to dwell
With the unconscious Night :

Fair Lady, as it is, accept
The boon which I present ;
And think, how much your smiles may do
To lift my argument !

If you upon this labour smile,
Believe it, ere the year
Shall through the various signs have run,
That do adorn our sphere,

Some beauteous work may yet be penn'd,
In which the World may see
Some kindred to the crystal air,
And immortality!

If this be so, (and may it not?)
When Nature shall approve,
When Phœbus shall confess our lines,
And all the Muses love,

I ask not of supremest kings
The soft, th' unfading wreath,
But to your pure and gentle ear
This faultless pray'r I breathe :

May you, whose approbation fann'd
The weak, th' aspiring flame,
And bade me without fear to walk
Up the steep path of fame,

Present me, as a perfect gift,
With that unfading leaf,
That laurel, which no flame can harm
With the pale hue of grief;

My head shall then, like Virgil's, shine,
And all my thoughts shall be
Still dwelling by the sacred gates
Of immortality!

And as the bird, that haunts the Spring,
Is faithful in her train,
And with a tender voice repeats
Her praises in his strain;

Your faultless praises I will sing,
Till the whole World shall smile ;
Your praise my first delight shall be,
My latest songs beguile !

The Spring but yields an early wreath,
Which Phœbus must approve ;
Nor can, like golden Summer, be
As prodigal in love ;

But, what she yields, she freely yields
With an unfeigned heart ;
And truth to tribute, in delight,
It's value must impart.

If, then, my strain may faulty be,
Yet is the gift sincere ;
If you approve, my verse shall shine,
Like the unbounded Year,

In which the tender Spring shall breathe,
The golden Summer burn,
The joyous Autumn yield it's fruit,
Till time to Winter turn :

To Winter, in whose noble rage
Th' unblamed year shall quake ;
And Nature, to her utmost bounds,
The sacred fault partake :

My verse shall be a perfect globe,
Like that, which Jove dismiss'd
To wander in the peerless air,
As He, and Nature wist :

This shall be so, if you approve ;
Then, O fair Lady, deign
To pardon, what is here in fault,
And to accept my strain !

23.

O HYACINTH, thy fate and mine are one ;
I read upon thy silver leaves my woe ;
We both are of that deity undone,
Who with his darts did strike the Python low :
The loss of this immortal love we share,
Yet happy is thy fate, compar'd with mine,
For thou of balmy Nature art the heir,
And drinkest with delight his beams divine :
But Phœbus from my face averts his look,
And leaves me in the desert without guide ;
The argument, that must fulfill my book,
Is sorrow, and all loss, that can betide :
Unless indeed he shall restore his ray,
And turn my dark December into May.

* This, and the five following Sonnets, were the beginning of several copies of Verses, which I designed to write under the title of "Aurora."

24.

I THINK you are the prophet of the Spring,
Or Spring doth on your gentle feet attend,
For ever do I note the Zephyr's wing,
When towards me your precious feet you bend :
The air is then impregnate with delight,
And Nature does her brightest sweets display,
But, ah ! too soon you wander from my sight,
And sorrow must usurp upon my day :
And yet the thought, that I have seen you then,
Supports me, till the morrow shall appear,
Again to seek you in the walks of men,
That are the star and Phœbus of my sphere :
So do I live in all vicissitude
Of joy and grief, of evil and of good.

25.

WHEN first I saw you, O untold delight !
After long absence, and reluctant woe,
A thousand Angels burst upon my sight,
And all my heart did with soft passion glow :
The Muses then, that to my thoughts were strange,
Return'd to me, with verdant laurel crown'd,
And in the front of that auspicious change,
Myself unto their suit again I bound :
Nor could the Moon her sheeny chariot guide
Up that steep path, that to Olympus leads,
Ere I your beauteous form had signified
In pastoral delights, and shepherds' weeds :
So swift is love, that, in it's true delight,
The Moon it passes, and the journal light !

26.

I CALL'D you, and too well these names you grace,
The World's divine, and merest paragon,
The violet, to whom all plants are base,
The star, that is but joy to look upon :
And are you not without compare the gem,
That kings would in their throned pride possess,
To sparkle in the blazing diadem,
And the fair eyes of their true subjects bless ?
Your title, and your style must be as great,
As is th' excelling beauty of your cheek,
Nor can I without fault one word abate,
Since all is less, than can your glory speak ;
For let Olympus with your face compare,
And men shall own, that you are only fair.

27.

AN Angel since you are, an Angel's praise
The true historian must to you return,
Or shame it were to these excelling days,
That aftertimes should not our virtue learn :
And yet to find a Poet, who may speak
The fair delight, and glory of your form,
Or carve the modest marble of your cheek,
And not the beauty of your looks deform,
May be as hard, as in this lunar World
To light upon a mind, proportion'd true,
Whereas we all are in confusion hurl'd,
And nothing is divine, save only you :
And yet I think your beauty may inspire
For this great work the glory and the fire !

28.

WHEN I have thought, what virtues make a man,
That may survive unto immortal time,
And then, how doubtful the brave issue ran,
Since accident unsettles still our clime,
I straight resolv'd, and the resolve had kept,
The toil of these diviner days to lose,
But then your image, like an Angel, stept,
To aid my virtue in her path to chuse ;
It painted all the World, like Summer, fair,
And favour in the smiling eyes of men,
And spoke me, with a honied tongue, the heir
Of Glory, such as sanction'd Homer's pen :
Your golden forehead, and your marble cheek,
If then I err, in my behalf must speak.

29.

ON

THE POEM OF MR. ROGERS,

ENTITLED.

“AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.”

WHEN Rogers o'er this labour bent,
Their purest fire the Muses lent,
T' illustrate this sweet argument.

Search all the ancient Poets o'er,
An ample and immortal store,
Their choicest wit can give no more.

Before this lovely Work appear'd,
By the fine criticks it was fear'd,
Too much to th' Arctick Pole we near'd:

So poor in wit was all we wrote,
So void of philosophick thought,
So inharmoniously we wrought :

But this divine and matchless strain,
By other Poets hop'd in vain,
I' th' instant set us right again.

This book's a lamp, whose silver ray
Shall burn, unconscious of decay,
Till countless ages roll away :

It is a web, so finely wove,
If Pallas the light shuttle drove,
No fairer could be made for Jove.

Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown,
(Let ev'ry other bring his own,)
I lay my branch of laurel down.

30.

ON THE
MANY ATTACKS MADE BY LATE WRITERS
ON THE MEMORY
OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

O THOU, the darling of the Muse,
Since senseless men thy wit abuse,
And all thy matchless fame refuse :

Though thou, indeed, art far above
The utmost fancy of our love ;
And yet the shepherds sing of Jove :

I cannot tell what fate may be
To those, that thus would injure thee,
And spoil of immortality !

Since pity cannot touch their hearts,
Or Love with his thrice-golden darts,
Or fancy any joy imparts :

Since all heroick virtue seems
To them, but as mere empty dreams,
Or fuel for a Poet's themes :

They are by senseless nature so
Defended, that they cannot know
The poignant destiny of woe.

The spearman cannot wound a shade,
Nor marble by sharp thought be sway'd,
And yet their fortune may be weigh'd :

O Sidney, this shall be their doom,
The pale oblivion shall o'ercome
Their malice, and their faults consume !

31.

FROM ANACREON.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας.

I WISH to tell th' Atrides' fame,
 And shake the strings with Cadmus' name:
 But my weak lyre, in ev'ry tone,
 Will breathe of love, and love alone!

I broke the chords, and put on new,
 And fram'd th' enfeebled lyre anew:
 And then great Hercules I sung,
 But, while his toils employ'd my tongue,
 With love the murm'ring musick rung!

}

Then farewell, Heroes ; it is vain !
Love must in all my numbers reign :
Since my soft lyre, in ev'ry tone,
Will speak of love, and love alone !

32.

FROM ANACREON.

Οὐ μοι μέλει Γύγαις.

'TIS to me no care, the gold
By the Sardian monarch told :
Gold I laugh at, as my foe :
What have I with kings to do ?

'TIS enough for me, I think,
That my beard it's ointment drink :
'TIS enough, around my head
That the rose it's sweetness shed :
'TIS care enough, what lives to day,
And let to-morrow have it's way.

Now the time is fresh and gay :
Let us drink, and let us play,
Let us to Lyæus pour,
Lest, when disease is at the door,
He bid us, that we drink no more !

33.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DIANA SAMPIERI,
OF OTRICOLI.

ON A LADY BATHING.†

APOLLO in the West had slant his beam,
And Zephyrus with murmurs kiss'd the flood,
I saw Diana by a silver stream,
That like a pillar of fair marble stood :
That instant all my firm resolves were gone,
And fine engagement with my heart I made,
For all my former follies to atone,
By perfect love of that thrice-golden maid :
Round whom the Graces unalloyed play,
The Muses with divine ambition sing,
Much like the balmy offspring of the May,
A fit companion for Olympus' king :
Jove, from this valley now avert thy look,
Or Leda here shall 'tice thee to this brook !

† The subject of this Sonnet was probably taken from one of the innumerable pictures, with which Italy then abounded; or it may have been written for a lover, who had seen his mistress in this interesting situation.

34.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE EARL OF ASHBURNHAM.*

MOST noble Lord, in whose thrice-ancient name
 The flow'r of perfect faith, and loyalty
 Still blossoms, that therein your glorious fame,
 Accepted of all time, shall never die ;
 But that pure gift, that to his progeny
 Was left by Bertram in King Harold's days,
 And after seen in that late tragedy,
 Which did the Martyr from this life erase,
 Continues of your house the matchless praise ;
 Right worthily, my Lord, to you I bring
 These fair first-fruits of my heroïck lays,
 Sith of your ancestors I mean to sing,
 And in lamenting Verse to speak their fate,
 Who perish'd for "*the King and the Estate.*"†

* The late lamented Earl; whose Ancestors were of exalted Nobility in the time of King Harold.

† The Motto of the Earls of Ashburnham :

"*Le Roy et l'Etat.*"

35.

A SONG.

MY dove upon her silver wings
Has softly flown away,
Perhaps to taste the crystal springs,
Or 'mid the clouds to stray :
In vain the Morn her splendour flings,
Since my dear bird's away !

Tell me, ye Nymphs, that haunt the flood,
Or in the hills delight,
If this enchanter of the wood
Has wander'd in your sight ;
The fairest bird of Venus' brood,
Whose wings with love are bright ?

But, ah! I see her pinions play
Amid' the golden sky :
In haste she fondly speeds away,
To my soft arms to fly :
Come to my heart, O dove! and stay,
For fear the hawk be nigh.

With purple wine, and manchets rare,
I will your bill delight ;
And, then, some wanton song prepare,
To make your slumbers light :
But leave, O bird, the crystal air,
And the empyreal light !

36.

THE FIRST PSALM.

BLESSED is he, who hath not been
In counsel with th' ungodly men,
Nor in the sinners' way is seen,

Nor sitteth in the scorner's seat :
But in the law of the Most High
His delight and joy doth lie,
And in his law unceasingly

He day and night doth meditate.

He shall be planted, like a tree,
By streams of water pleasantly,
Which in it's season fruit doth see ;

His leaf also shall not decay,
And that, whichever he shall do,
Shall live : th' ungodly are not so,
But like the chaff, which to and fro
The wind hath scattered away.

Therefore th' ungodly shall not stand
I' th' judgment, or the Sinners' band
 I' th' congregation of the just :
For the Lord knoweth well the pure,
But th' ungodly shall not endure,
 Their way shall perish in the dust.

37.

THE
INDUCTION TO MY POEM,
WHICH I DESIGNED TO WRITE;
ENTITLED,
“ENGLAND TRIUMPHANT.”

1.

THE gloomy Winter now has roll'd away,
The caverns of the North again are clos'd,
The murmuring waters now in joyance play,
And golden Spring is to the Earth disclos'd.

2.

Hail, sleet, and tempest, a thrice-fatal host,
With which the wracked World has long been torn,
And pitchy darkness, in which Earth was lost,
Have been by the great hand of God forborn.

3.

No more the thunder's awful voice is heard,
With which the monsters of the deep were quell'd,
That voice to wanton pleasure is transferr'd,
And leaves are by the Zephyrs gently swell'd.

4.

Or, if it thunders, to the shepherd's ear
That voice is but a prophet's voice of love :
It mazes with delight th' astonied deer,
And checks not in her flight th' unruffled dove.

5.

The shepherd to the sounding thunder turns,
And in his mental eye beholds the Sun,
That will relume the Earth, and well discerns,
The World will not be by this flame undone.

6.

Yes, Spring is here in her translucent robe,
Of bright vermilion, and love-sorting green ;
And all the flowers, that adorn the globe,
With glory in her golden crown are seen.

7.

The Nightingale, amid' the beechen woods,
Awakes the Morn, and sings the day to rest ;
In air, in earth, and in the silver floods
One passion, that is love, inflames the breast.

8.

Alas! Althea, shall I wake my song
To other themes, than to thy matchless praise ?
Shall I not by some fountain lie along,
And warble with delight my perfect lays,

9.

In which the beauty of thine eyes is seen,
The soft perfection of thy form display'd ;
That even Venus shall confess thee Queen,
And Love shall dance amid' the joyous shade ?

10.

Not now with the soft lute, and melting lyre,
Your tender praises I design to sing :
Your boundless beauty shall great voice inspire,
Till all the quaking shores with joy shall ring.

11.

Yet love shall be my theme ; and love of thee,
For love of thee, Althea, is my life :
Bereft of that, I take in simple fee
Heart-ending sorrow, and undoing strife.

12.

Then England is my praise, that matchless fair,
Which bred thee, as the fairest meed of all :
To her alone your beauty I compare,
Which holds th' adoring World in awful thrall.

13.

The loveliest Woman, and the fairest Realm,
That ever shone upon the crystal day !
O, let the World with myrtles overwhelm,
And laurels, the soft glory of your sway !

14.

Your sway, which undivided shall remain,
And uncompar'd, until the end of time ;
Great harm it were, if in my faulted strain
Division should impair your truth sublime.

15.

O England, and Althea, matchless names !
Althea, and fair England is my style :
One serves for both ; and to their gentle claims
The World shall yield, and all Creation smile !

16.

Then think not, when I praise the beauteous land,
That gave thee, O Althea, to the World,
I fall from thy sweet praise ; or understand
My mind, as to the depth of darkness hurl'd.

17.

In praising England, I Althea praise :
Althea's praise to England is renown :
They both are like ; and in their perfect ways
From the same tree may pluck the blameless crown.

18.

Then let the banners kiss the vernal air,
Then let the peerless pipes a measure play :
The temple is in sight ; and we prepare
Upon the altar our soft crown to lay !

38.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,
AND THEN
OF AUGUSTUS :

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

WHO thinks to soar to Pindar's height,
And play in Glory's sacred flame,
Like Icarus, but wings his flight,
To give the shining sea a name !

As streams, by mighty tempests swoln,
Deep from the mountains pour along,
So Pindar burns, and rushes down
With vast unnavigable Song :

Whether his Dithyrambiques roll
 In tides, that he alone can reach,
Brave numbers, that disdain controul,
 And untaught majesty of speech :

Whether to Gods, or Kings he wake,
 The blood of Gods, his sacred shell,
Who with just death did overtake
 The Centaurs, and Chimæra quell :

Whether from Elis home he lead
 Those, whom the palm to Heav'n doth raise,
Or give the wrestler, or the steed
 More, than a thousand statues, praise :

Or softly mourn th' ill-fated youth
 To his sad bride, in songs, that save
His golden manners, spotless truth,
 And valour from th' unpitying grave :

Exalted gales, Antonius, bear
The Theban Swan, whene'er his flight
Soars in the cloudy deep of air :
But I with feeble wing, and light,

As bees, that gather the sweet thyme,
Moist Tiber's banks, and groves among,
Unfit to those great heights to climb,
But murmur in laborious song.

The praise of Cæsar, conqu'ring chief,
Shall ask thy deep, thy sounding quill,
When comely with the well-earn'd leaf,
He rides along the sacred hill :

Than whom a gift, more great or good,
The Gods have not bestow'd on men ;
Nor shall, though, in Time's upward flood,
The golden Seasons smile again !

The festal days thou shalt recite,
The publick games, and peaceful bar,
Since Heav'n, indulgent, to our sight,
Restores Augustus from the War.

Then will I sing, if voice of mine
May aid in that sublime acclaim,
And, O day, happy and divine!
That brings back Cæsar, I'll exclaim:

Then, as in pomp he moves along,
O triumph! triumph! we will sing,
All Rome; and, in a general throng,
Sweet incense to the temples bring.

Thy mighty herds shall largely bleed,
For me a steerling shall suffice,
That, wanton in the spacious mead,
Proves for my vows a sacrifice:

His beaming front, like Luna, glows,
When the third night in Heav'n she reigns;
And dazzling, as the Winter snows,
One mark, but yellow what remains.

39.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

THE Rose in fragrance blooms one fleeting day:
Her leaves, as yet unfolding, fade away!
She buds, when fair Aurora fires the skies,
And, as the light descends, her beauty dies!

40.

ON THE

QUEEN'S PASSING THROUGH OTRICOLI,*

ON HER WAY TO ROME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DIANA SAMPIERI.

As bright, and pure, as is the Polar star,
 You come, Christina, from your Northern throne,
 T' instruct our minds, how fair the Angels are,
 With what sweet art you make their worth your own!
 Within our ancient walls we hail a Queen,
 Whose progress to the Papal chair displays
 A crowned Saint, a sight too seldom seen!
 A miracle, to bless these later days!
 Dominion lost shall be immortal bliss:
 A dateless Crown, amid' the starry sky!
 Fair Saint, the hem of thy pure robe I kiss,
 And wish thee all divine felicity:
 Thy faith is pure, ah! would that all were so,
 Whose steps have err'd unto eternal woe!

* Otricoli is a little town, built on a mountain, somewhat above a mile distant from Tiber, which flows from these hills. The house of Diana may yet be seen there.

41.

ON

THE QUEEN CHRISTINA'S ENTRANCE

INTO OTRICOLI ; DECEMBER 18, 1654.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DIANA SAMPIERI.

THE musquetry, that makes our ramparts quail,
Gives welcome to thy faultless steps, O Queen !
That come with truth from out those mountains pale,
Where the grim wolf amid' the rocks is seen :
The moony wolf, that with especial love
Doth utter his observant voice by night,
Whilst the huge bear upon the ice doth move,
And roar unto the mainland with delight ;
Vast monsters, that make pale the lunar beam,
And quail the air with their concurrent woe,
Still flying from Aurora's early gleam,
That only Night and shady horror know :
From those great scenes of Winter and dismay,
We bid you welcome to our softer day !

42.

ON

BEHOLDING MR. DENT'S LIBRARY,
IN HERTFORD-STREET.

W_HA_TE'ER of Greece or Rome remains,
Within this beauteous room is plac'd ;
And here, to crown thy learned pains,
All, that our later age has grac'd :

Here Tully might the World explore,
And Virgil think whole years away ;
Here Bacon weigh the ancient lore,
And Milton frame th' Heroick lay.

The Genius of this hallow'd Room,
Unseen, to guard it's stores is found,
With softer light dispell the gloom,
And breathe a sacred stillness round !

O Dent, to grace thy learned care,
An image of the World, assign'd,
Is here, like Jove's bright circle fair,
And polish'd, as it's owner's mind !

43.

THIS Morn, I quit the shore of Ignorance,
And hoist my sail for the enlarged World ;
I mean through Night and tempest to advance,
Wherever Jove hath his bright thunder hurl'd :
Through all the yawning horrors of the deep,
To pleasant shores, and to those caves of woe,
Where the fell monsters their observance keep,
And men the ends of their sad journey know :
To pleasant shores, where lovely laws abound,
And Virtue her fair banner sets on high,
The new Utopia, if that e'er was found,
Or that divine-imagin'd Arcady :
Farewell, my Friends ! with gallant winds I go,
To die in passage, or more life to know !

44.

To make requital of the passed time,
And purge my sprite from blemish and delay,
I fortify myself with acts sublime,
Which yet in meditation have but sway :
Already I my future years have liv'd,
And phantasy hath made a mate of toil,
But when I shall the Season have surviv'd,
My soul may be ungifted of her spoil :
For, be it as it may, this life is lost
In purpose, till the purpos'd end be past ;
By accident or ill we still are crost,
But waken from our golden dream at last,
To find beside our idle slumbers stand
Old Age, and Death, by which our worth is scann'd.

45.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“INTEGER VITÆ SCELERISQUE PURUS.”

THE pure of life, and free from ill,
Wants not the Moorish dart to kill;
Nor, innocent, O Fuscus, needs
The quiver, stuff'd with poison'd reeds :

Whether o'er Syrtes' burning sands,
Or o'er th' inhospitable lands
Of Caucasus about to go,
Or where Hydaspes' stream doth flow :

For me a wolf, i' th' Sabine shade,
Whilst to my Lalage I play'd,
And, thoughtless, o'er my bounds had gone,
Fled, as unarm'd I wander'd on :

Not military Daunia yet
So vast a monster could beget ;
Nor Juba's Mauritania feed,
The thirsty land, where lions breed.

Place me in hopeless regions, where
No tree is nurs'd i' th' Summer's air ;
A portion of the World, which storm,
And angry Jupiter deform :

Place me beneath the burning car
Of Phœbus, where no houses are :
Yet shall my theme, and passion be,
Soft speaking, smiling Lalage!

46.

How many things look ugly to the mind,
That are in virtue beautiful to use !
So is the stormy gust of Winter's wind,
Which the gross air doth purge of it's abuse :
So is the lightning, that the sight doth blind,
So is the comet, of malign aspect,
So is the flood, which, bursting unconfin'd,
An empire, like the Ocean's, doth affect :
These things are good, but in their seeming ill,
But we, that have too much propriety,
To large experience do deny us still,
So lack of knowledge breeds our misery :
Nothing so bad, if we could find it so,
But that delight doth overbalance woe !

47.

ON
MR. TODD'S EDITION
OF
SPENSER.

Two hundred years the circling World has roll'd,
I' th' endless Ocean of enlighten'd space,
Her pure allotted path, from earthly mould
Since thy great mind fled up to heav'nly grace ;
Disdaining this low stage, and empire base,
Unliken'd Spenser ; in her perfect flight
Achieving with brave toil her native place,
And greedy hope of Angelick delight :
Yet could not Time, with his unceasing might,
Most patient, but most fearful enemy,
Do aught 'gainst thee, but throw some little slight
Upon thy Verse, vow'd to Eternity :
Todd saw the wrong, then clear'd with golden pen
Thy faultless charter, to th' applause of men !

48.

How oft, O Moon, in thy most tragick face,
The travell'd map of mournful history,
Some record of long-perish'd woe I trace,
Fetch'd from old Kings' moth-eaten memory ;
Which Thou perhaps didst in it's acting see,
The perturbation of it's doleful birth,
Then crawling on to sad maturity,
And it's last sleep in the forgetful earth :
But if, in style proportioned to it's worth,
We raise it up, to shake the World again,
To madness we shall turn heart-easing mirth,
With horreur laying waste the minds of men :
O, marble is the flesh, unmov'd can be,
When it beholds so fearful tragedy !

49.

I GRIEVE to think, so often as I muse,
Musing on sweet and bitter argument,
How many souls posterity doth lose,
In that they leave behind no monument :
Souls, that have fed upon divinest thought,
Yet lacking utt'rance of their musick's store,
To us, that breathe hereafter, are as nought,
Or question'd but as names, that dwelt before :
Were it sad chance, that them of fame bereft,
Love, grief, or sickness, or resentful woe,
Or abstinence of virtue made a theft
Of that, which virtue to itself doth owe ;
The cause unknown, their worth unwritten too,
Let the World weep, for they are pity's due !

50.

WHEN in the woods I wander all alone,
The woods, that are my solace and delight,
Which I more covet than a Prince's throne,
My toil by day, and canopy by night ;
(Light heart, light foot, light food, and slumber light,
These lights shall light us to old Age's gate ;
While Monarchs, whom rebellious dreams affright,
Heavy with fear, death's fearful summons wait ;)
Whilst here I wander, pleas'd to be alone,
Weighing in thought the World's no happiness,
I cannot choose but wonder at it's moan,
Since so plain joys the woody life can bless :
Then live who may, where honied words prevail,
I with the deer, and with the nightingale !

51.

THIS forest is to me the sweetest college
Of any, that the outward World can show,
Lacking professors, yet most rich in knowledge,
For vile profession is to Virtue foe :
Wisdom doth here in all it's branches grow,
Preaching in stones, and from the senseless wood,
Brawls in the brooks, and, wheresoe'er we go,
The tongueless lecture still is understood :
Our hall a cave, where simple mirth rejoices,
The forest mirth, not gowned, but more free ;
Our choristers the birds, whose pleasant voices
In this green chapel fill our hearts with glee :
And for our grave, since that at last must come,
Beneath a beech death finds a quiet home.

52.

O, how small wit, in this time-lesse'd Age,
Can buy for men the witness of renown!
O, how large Envy, with a Viper's rage,
The brow of merit reaveth of it's crown!
That men, whom all hereafter shall disown,
The dregs of time, and vile oblivion's prey,
Hold in large fee the World, and, overblown
With empty thoughts, grow lavish with decay:
Whilst the true greatness must the tribute pay,
Fool'd in opinion, to low-natur'd pride,
And, sick at heart, doth almost hate the day:
If this be so, and can it be denied?
Then barren Winter is preferr'd to Spring,
The Nightingale may list, the Cuckoo sing!

53.

THE Cuckoo now shall mock the Nightingale,
The thistle have the blushing rose in scorn,
The lofty mountain bend unto the vale,
And the brief taper overlight the Morn :
Now shall all things, that were to Empire born,
Find diminution in their proper sphere,
True beauty now shall out of price be worn,
And virtue serve, that sate without a peer :
Precedency shall fly from out the year,
And fixture be engraft with swallow's wings,
Now moles shall 'gin to see, and rocks to hear,
And rivers shall run backward to their springs :
All this, and more, seem not so strange to me,
As knowledge, school'd by vile authority.

54.

ON

THE EXCELLENT POET,
SHAKSPEARE.

Now that thy worth, is like the Summer, blown,
Why seek I with my breath to swell thy dower?
Whose Muse can never make thy sweetness known,
So much my love is greater than my power:
Yet, for that Cæsar to the World is dear,
No private man will his affection stint;
Then for the love I bring, in this 'tis clear,
True love it is, though little else be in't:
Whoever shall with finest eyes survey
The secret heart of Nature, and her mind,
Shall know what treasures thou hast made thy prey,
Whom light could not betray, nor darkness blind!
But Thou, my Shakspeare, didst a fault commit,
Making the World a beggar by thy wit!

55.

ON THE SAME.

IF men for sweetness praise the balmy Spring,
Or with the honied Summer cloy their verse,
Or Autumn with loud carols homeward bring,
Or of breme Winter blameful things rehearse ;
If musick to the ear of love be sweet,
Or marriage give a suitor's mind content,
Then let all men in Shakspeare's praises meet,
Which is in thought a thing as consequent :
For what that air in this huge rondure hems,
But with it's virtue feeds his phantasy ?
And far beyond, beyond those living gems,
That sparkle through the deep infinity,
There too he pierc'd, unparallel'd, sublime,
The World's great wonder, to the wrecks of Time !

56.

THE nightingale is mute, and so art thou,
Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale :
While ev'ry idle scholar makes a vow,
Above thy worth and glory to prevail :
Yet shall not Envy to that level bring
The true precedence, which is born in thee ;
Thou art no less the prophet of the Spring,
Though in the woods thy voice now silent be :
For silence may impair, but cannot kill
The musick, that is native to thy soul ;
Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,
Upon thy purest honour have controul :
But since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,
This truth I speak, thou art of Poets king.

57.

THE largest reign of Silence yet hath sway
In beauty, which is musick to the soul;
The lily hath no voice, yet shames the day;
Nay, the sweet air is liken'd in controul:
The silver Moon, more paler than desire,
That with unvoiced wheel doth climb on high,
In meditation's ear is as a quire,
That leads th' o'er-vision'd Night along the sky:
All silence in it's pleasure hath a voice,
If balanc'd in the fine esteem of thought;
Then let dumb nature in that plea rejoice,
But be not thou to that dominion brought:
For speech in thee, some men's disparagement,
Thy purer gifts with glory shall augment.

58.

THE LEGEND
OF
THE KNIGHT OF ILLYRIA.*

THE FIRST CANTO.

1.

BY this the Sun had overpast his height,
And 'gan decline into the Western wave,
Wherein he means to dip his Chariot bright,
And loosen from the yoke his coursers brave ;
That all the day, in glitt'ring harness dight,
With his sweet skill the Godly Shepherd drape,
With his sweet skill, till in the sparkling foam,
Fair Tethys' silver bowers, he gently guided home.

* This Legend was part of a larger Poem, which I then designed to write.

2.

But, ere he pass'd, his glorious face he turn'd,
With sweet regard, upon the beauteous World,
That all the mountains, and the valleys burn'd
With love and adoration ; so he hurl'd
Bright beams of glist'ring fire, that Nature mourn'd,
When his pure ample forehead, golden-curl'd,
He turn'd away, and to his purpose bent :
O look of wond'rous love, and sweetest ravishment !

3.

His golden wain had hardly disappear'd,
The light yet glowing on the mountain tops,
When by a forest side, hight Ardenne, near'd
A lovely-looking Knight, that often stops,
And often gazes, as a man endear'd
To that fair prospect : then his reins he drops,
And, with his mighty hands to Heav'n uplift,
In pity-moving words thus speaks his drift :

4.

“ O purest Air, and thou, thrice golden Light,
That art the Soul of this enmarbled Sphere,
Why on the land and sea, by day and night,
In tempest and in calm, in hope and fear,
In Hell's tremendous gulph, at Heav'n's dread height,
Thus wear I out the day, the month, the year?
All things have rest, but only I unresting,
But rest, sweet rest, thou art not of my questing !

5.

“ But if in thee I could have found delight,
Well in my father's palace I had liv'd ;
But present joys are hateful to his sight,
Who of all joy is by his fate bereav'd :
O hapless man, and O unhappy knight,
Who trusts in that, that still has him deceiv'd,
And in his ill-plac'd trust, how fond soever,
Though still deceiv'd, must still in it persevere !

6.

“ I seek for that, which I can never find,
I look for that, which I can never see,
I live as in a dream, sans sense and blind,
Plaything of fate, and fool of memory ;
My fortune at no stay, to worse inclin'd,
The evils of my race all heap'd on me :
And that, which should demand a firmer age,
In tender years no pity can engage.

7.

“ Is't fit the sapling with the winds should fight ?
Is't fit the tender kid should roam the plain ?
Is't fit the little bird should speed it's flight ?
Or the small boat be plung'd into the main ?
But fatal love on me doth vent it's spite,
That from new errour should young things restrain,
And, what is worse, my own sad fate I cherish,
And love the ill, that causeth me to perish.

8.

“ Else had I never parted from my mother,
That daily in Illyria sits, and weeps,
And, lulling with her song my little brother,
Beholds in him my image, as he sleeps ;
Then kissing him, she cries, ‘ Just such another
Euphorbus was, but cruel fortune keeps
Him from my love, and thou perhaps some day,
Sweet urchin, from my arms wilt steal away.’ ”

9.

This tender thought hath quite unmann'd the knight,
And loving tears his noble eyes have fill'd,
He sees not, that the ebon clouds of Night
Above his head their gloomy stores have pil'd,
But, gazing wistly on the dying light,
Almost his life is in his bosom still'd,
So deep within his heart affection speaks,
That the big drops run coursing down his cheeks.

10.

And, certes, he had gaz'd the Night away,
Like to a marble Monument of woe,
But that it chanc'd, forth issuing on his way,
A hermit from the wood came footing slow :
His aged limbs were clad in vestment grey,
And down his breast his silver beard did flow,
And on a staff his weary steps he stay'd,
Yet with much labour little progress made.

11.

Then, somewhat bending, to Euphorbus said,
“ Sir knight, permit an ancient man to know,
Why thus at Eve you bare your noble head
To all the winds, that under Heav'n do blow ?
Perchance, from you your lady fair is fled,
Or at your feet your dearest friend laid low,
Or what is but small ill, compar'd with these,
Here in this soil your purpos'd path you leese.

12.

“ But if your lady from your sight be gone,
Feed on this thought, she constant is and pure :
Or, if for your beloved friend you moan,
Think that this World not always can endure :
But from this Stage, so thick with ills bestrown,
In perfect bliss he liveth, that is sure :
And in short space, if Virtue guide you right,
With his lov'd image you may feed your sight.

13.

“ Or if, indeed, your way you have mistook,
In precinct of this forest, long and wide,
Hard by, within the shelter of a nook,
My lowly home invites you to abide,
Till the first lark hath from her pinions shook
The glist'ning dew, and the sweet thrush replied
To the shrill note, that doth awake the Morn ;
Then with fresh light let better hope be born.

14.

“ For endless Sorrow cannot long maintain
It’s griping hold, but evil will ensue ;
And timely rest is sweetest after pain :”
So saying, with his feeble hand he drew
Eupheme on, that hardly felt the rein,
Yet follow’d with light hoof, for well he knew
That aged Sire, and that he counsell’d well :
But of Eupheme something I will tell.

15.

That horse was born in hills of Thessaly,
Of perfect shape, as lovely as the day,
And, at his birth, with winged speed could fly,
Like the swift South upon the Adrian bay ;
A ruddy chesnut his bright limbs did dye,
And, like the Moon, his silver mane did play,
Like the full Moon, or like the frothy Sea,
Or meads of corn in laughing Sicily.

16.

Full gentle was he, and so brave to wit,
That gentler none, or braver could be found,
But hardly could endure the golden bit,
Wherewith his lord, Euphorbus, had him bound ;
Yet lightly handled, as for him unfit :
His finest feet did finely spurn the ground,
And with an eye, that shot like living fire,
He look'd abroad, and neighed with desire.

17.

His neigh was like the silver clarionet,
That brayeth out the plumed Victory ;
It love at once, and wonder did beget,
Whenso the sound about the rocks did fly
That whoso heard it, never could forget,
So lovely was that bravest melody ;
But when he list his foemen's hearts to quell,
Then he outvoic'd the brazen gates of Hel !

18.

He was indeed the Son of Zephyrus,
Begot upon a fresh Thessalian mare,
Which being of the God too amorous,
The jolly steed conceived of the Air:
(And let not men believe it fabulous,
The wise do know such fine conceptions are :)
Milk white she was, as is a holy heifer,
And bore this son, as I have said, to Zephyr.

19.

So did he with his dam, Leucoloë, range
In pleasant sort upon the flowery mees ;
Nor ever meant his happy life to change,
Or mother's side, if so the fates might please :
But they, which still are to our wishes strange,
Did force him soon his native pastures leese,
And, by the skill of Archelais caught,
Him to the Queen of all Illyria brought.

20.

The Queen, whose name was fair Kalisthene,
Sole daughter of the King of Troynovant,
So lovely was, and beautiful to see,
That all the World did of her sweetness vaunt :
Her father held the British Isle in fee,
And her, pure Virgin, did in marriage grant
To King Theagenes, in blissful hour :
And so she reigned in Illyria's bower.

21.

It happ'd, when first her slender womb 'gan swell
With the dear burden of her princely child,
One day, beside the margin of a well,
Within the palace gardens she beguil'd
The Summer hours, and bade her maidens tell
Sweet tales of love, and of adventure wild :
For, so it was, upon a point of state,
The King that morn had pass'd from out the gate.

22.

Her maidens fair, and fairest would have been,
Save at the feet of sweet Kalisthene,
(But when the Sun ascends, no star is seen ;)
Did pick, from out the stores of memory,
So many fables to delight the Queen,
That with pure joy an aged Nurse would die ;
To hear such tales of ladies and of knights,
Of pomps, of banquets, errors and delights.

23.

Till, being with the sweet recital tir'd,
As sweetest things will work their own decay,
Kalisthene from that young troop retir'd,
To lose in sleep the fervour of the day :
A flow'ring orange, that the air inspir'd
With od'rous joy, above her head did play,
And, by her side, a silver fountain crept,
That lulled her with murmurs, as she slept.

24.

She dream'd,—but to Euphorbus I return,
 (And from Euphorbus I too long have staid ;)
Who being by persuasion mov'd to turn
Of that old man into the forest shade,
With many courteous thanks did seek to learn,
What him of that wide wood a tenant made ;
Who told the knight that love of Contemplation
Had fix'd him there in that lone habitation.

25.

“ And truly, Sir,” quoth prudent Archelaiüs,
For he it was, though in a fine disguise,
“ So many things in wicked world do fray us,
Such heaps of falsehoods, perjuries, and lies,
Besides what dangers on all sides dismay us,
That who not flieth hardly can be wise :
A good exchange from foolish fear and riot,
To dwelling with high God in peace and quiet.”

26.

And many other things he said by rote,
Still talking fondly, as befitted Age,
Of which perhaps I might have taken note,
But that Euphorbus must my thoughts engage ;
Who now, at Wisdom's pace, full slow, God wot,
Is come at last to that small hermitage,
Wherein he means to make his travel's inn,
So knight and Archelaüs enter in.

27.

A little lowly cave, and hollow'd under
A marble rock, ycover'd all with trees,
Wherein the winds, like very distant thunder,
Did softly sound, or like a swarm of bees,
That with full murmur from the hive doth sunder,
Or like the gentle roaring of the seas,
Heard inland, so the winds a lulling keep,
For ever in that cave persuading sleep.

28.

The seemly hermit proffer'd what he had,
Such simple food, as fed him in the wild ;
And with it mix'd his speech, so sagely sad,
That very much he pleas'd the princely child :
Long had the Moon been in her glory clad,
So was he of his wise discourse beguil'd,
Ere yet, and then reluctant, he withdrew,
With balmy sleep his body to renew.

29.

But with the springing dawn uprose the knight,
And donn'd his armour, glorious to behold,
Which in that gloomy dwelling made a light,
That somewhat did amaze that beardsman old :
For cap-à-pèe he was completely dight,
Like Mars himself, in living case of gold ;
And on his head a golden bunch he wore
Of fairest apples, shaking evermore.

30.

His warlike spear into his hand he took,
And paced forth unto Eupheme's stall ;
Then loosed him, whereas in little nook
That horse divine was tied to the wall :
His ears he prick'd, his flowing mane he shook,
And neighed thrice to hear the welcome call ;
Then pawing, in his thought he spurns the floods,
The hills, the vales, the champaign, and the woods.

31.

Departing forth, Euphorbus gently paid
Such courteous thanks, as to his host were due :
And, at the last, his dearest blessing pray'd,
With many wishes him again to view :
The good old man, that with his hand did shade
His aged cheek, to hide the kindly dew,
Then prayed him, that he with him might ride,
Till he was sped out of that forest wide.

32.

So mounting on his horse, that harness'd was,
A lowly-looking beast, but well can go,
Full many hours they on their way did pass,
Without occurrence or of friend or foe :
Till now Dan Phœbus in the Westward was,
And nearer to the Earth was driving low ;
When they arriv'd upon a river's brink,
But how to overpass they cannot think.

33.

A lovely poplar on the bank there grew :
Euphorbus cut it down, and with it strove
To touch some shallow place, to bear them through ;
But all in vain : so up and down they rove,
Still sounding with their pole ; till now they view
A herdsman fast come running through the grove,
Who told them of a ford, not distant was ;
Where with his cattle he was wont to pass.

34.

They thank'd him much for that his courtesy,
(Ah gentle word, ill-named from a Court !)
And then he proffer'd them their guide to be,
To that same place of which he did report :
So on they marched with full goodly glee,
And talk'd of this and that in pleasant sort :
The while the murmuring Wind full softly sigh'd,
And the base Water at their feet replied.

35.

When suddenly a hideous shriek they heard,
A hideous shriek, that pierced all the sky,
And at the sound a savage man appear'd,
Which on a horse from out the wood did fly ;
A lovely lady in his arms he rear'd,
That for vain help continually did cry ;
“ Help, help, O God,” she cried continually :
Whereat the savage man more fast did fly.

36.

But when he saw Euphorbus in his race,
He turn'd, as swift as doth a glancing arrow,
And plung'd into the stream, despite of grace,
And lady's cries, that any heart would harrow ;
(But in his heart no pity could have place :)
So is she, as a dove or tender sparrow,
That the fierce falcon in his gripe hath caught,
And beareth oft, till he can tear to nought.

37.

Inflam'd with rage, and great astonishment,
Euphorbus drove Eupheme to the bank,
And at one plunge into the middle went,
That horse and rider in an instant sank :
But rose again, and fury did augment,
To see upmounting from the river dank,
That savage man, who, giving look behind,
Set off again, as rapid as the wind.

38.

Yet had he not escap'd the thrilling spear
Of good Euphorbus, not for all his speed,
But that the lady sate to him so near,
He fear'd the point might make her body bleed ;
So flying through the woods at full career,
Of nothing but his foe he taketh heed,
And often rais'd his lance, and often stay'd
The fatal lance for pity of the maid.

39.

At length the night her doleful shadow cast
O'er all the world, encompassing from view
Both man and beast, and that wide wood embrac'd
With twofold horror of her pois'nous hue ;
That, nathless, so enforc'd he checks his haste,
Ne longer can his flying prey pursue ;
But, maugre discontent and pining ire,
His steed he stops, his foe hath his desire.

40.

And grieving much at his so fruitless chace,
Yet wond'ring at the swiftness of the horse,
Whereon the savage rode, whose glorious pace
Had clear'd him from the peril of that course ;
He mote suspect some magick in the case,
To baffle him in his so virtuous force ;
Or, sure, his prey Eupheme had o'erta'en,
And his vile life upon the ground been slain.

41.

But wait he must until the dawn appear,
And feed his thoughts so wisely as he may ;
Patience is his best friend, and ever near
He keeps the hope, that all his life doth sway ;
But grieves to think, for he to him is dear,
Of that good hermit, who is far away :
And then, for woeful thought augmenteth woe,
He thinks, perchance, it may be ever so.

43.

But pity of that lady's sad mishap
Did most torment him through the restless night :
He thinks the slave will in a dungeon clap
Her tender limbs ; perhaps will kill outright :
Or, since he now hath got her in his trap,
Will quite despoil, to feed his appetite :
Such thoughts as these his fancy did torment,
Till creeping Night had half her journey spent:

44.

When weary Sleep his senses did surprize,
Foredone with toil of body and of mind,
And pour'd a gentle slumber on his eyes :
Now the dull darkness, drooping, look'd behind,
And saw the harbingers of Morn arise,
Then slowly down the steep of Heav'n declin'd:
And bright Aurora shot her saffron fires
Quite thro' the realms of air, dispersing pure desires.

44.

The birds did wake their wanton melody,
And sweetly caroll'd in the dewy leaves :
But yet Euphorbus did in slumber lie,
That 'midst the light and musick him bereaves
Of joyous beams, and molten harmony :
At length his sprite the message glad receives,
And the pure Soul, awaking to the day,
'Gan much herself reproach, that in oblivion lay. .

45.

So doth he mount upon Eupheme' again,
That all the Night had by his master stood,
Ne gather'd from his hand the idle rein :
Forthwith he speeds right forward thro' the wood,
To see, if he that savage can regain,
Or help the dame from that infernal brood :
Long time he journey'd through those leafy bowers,
Beguiling with his thoughts the lonely hours.

46.

When suddenly he list a trumpet sound,
That marble Air doth startle with it's voice,
And, as it seem'd, a neighbour to that ground :
Much at that musick did the Knight rejoice,
Then straightway thro' th' entangled forest wound ;
Where of his road he had but evil choice :
Yet, govern'd by his ear, he came at last
To a fair hill, that high in heav'n was plac'd.

47.

And, right afore, a spacious castle stood,
Built on a sharp and steepy pinnacle,
And 'twixt a little gulph did pour its flood :
But, all beyond, 'twere difficult to tell
Th' extent of that fair country, that he view'd :
Hot Titan on the shining fortress fell,
That the walls blaz'd, like steel, or diamond ;
At this so glorious sight Euphorbus stood astond.

48.

But time it is we loosen now our team,
Our weary team, and from the furrow send,
To slake their thirst with murmurs of the stream,
And in the flowery meadows roam an end :
Then for a little space I drop my theme,
For Wisdom bids soft rest with labour blend ;
But what in that same castle there befell,
I in another canto, speedily will tell.

The Argument of the above Canto.

*By Ardenne wood Euphorbus doth complain,
In terms, to melt a marble rock with woe ;
Him Archelaüs sees, oppress'd with pain,
And well persuades into his cave to go ;
Together with the light they take the rein,
And thrid the wood ; till chancing on a foe,
The Prince pursues, and being foil'd by Night,
The Morn presents a castle to his sight.*

59.

THE THIRD ELEGY

OF

THE THIRD BOOK OF TIBULLUS.

WHAT profit to have fill'd the heav'n with vows,
And endless pray'r, sent up in frankincense :
Not, from the threshold of a marble house,
To walk abroad, conspicuous for expense :
Not, that my bulls should many acres cleave,
And weighty harvests the kind land display :
But that with thee, Neæra, I should live,
And in thy bosom find my age decay :
Till, forc'd, the full pre-measur'd light discharg'd,
Naked in the Lethæan boat I go :
For what avails, t' have pond'rous gold enlarg'd,
Or that fat fields a thousand oxen plow ?

What can a dome, on Phrygian columns rais'd,
Of thine, O Tænarus, or Carystos, thine?
Where orchards for the sacred groves are prais'd,
Where beams of gold, and floors of marble shine?
What can the shell, by th' Erythræan seas,
Or wool, in Sidon's softest purple dyed?
Or what the people else admire? in these
Is Envy: to false things their love is tied.
By riches not the minds of men, and cares
Are sooth'd; for Fortune ever sits the higher:
Happy with thee a poor estate who shares;
But without thee kings' gifts I not desire.
O snowy light, which makes thee ours again!
O beauteous day to me for ever dear!
But for that sweet return if vows are vain,
And the God listens with averted ear:
Not kingdoms, nor the golden Lydian flood,
Nor riches of the boundless world can charm:
Be others great; be mine the better good,
To fold a tender wife without alarm.
Saturnia, come, to my soft vows reply;
And come, O Cypria, in thy foamy shell:

But if the tristful Sisters this deny,

Who draw the threads, and who the future tell :

Me to vast rivers, and the gloomy lake,

Let Orcus, rich in slothful water, take.

60.

THE SECOND ELEGY

OF

THE FOURTH BOOK OF TIBULLUS.

GREAT MARS, SULPICIA'S on thy Calends dress'd :
If thou be'st wise, come down from heav'n to see.
VENUS shall pardon : be thou heedful, lest
Thy arms in gazing should fall wantonly.
'Tis from her eyes, when he the Gods would burn,
Two lamps of glancing fire are lit by Love.
Whate'er she does, where'er her footsteps turn,
Grace does in ev'ry act attendant move.
Loos'd is her hair, her loosen'd hair becomes,
Or comb'd, th' observant Goddess shines confest :
She burns, when in her Tyrian robe she comes,
She burns, when candid in her snowy vest.

So fair Vertumnus in Olympus dwells,
So him a thousand beauties ornament :
Let Tyre to her, who ev'ry nymph excells,
Soft fleeces, dipp'd in precious juice, present :
To her, whate'er in fragrant fields he reaps
Of his sweet harvest, let the Arab give,
And the swarth Indian of his pearly heaps,
Who doth the nearest to the Morning live,
Her on the joyous Calends, Muses, sing,
And, matchless Phœbus, with resplendent lyre :
These rites let many years revolving bring :
No nymph is worthier of your sacred quire.

61.

FROM HORACE.

" EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIUS."

MY monument is built, more hard than brass,
More than the Pyramids sublime,
Though that of mighty kings the labour was ;
Which not the idle North, nor wasting rain,
Nor yet shall see in ruin lain
Th' unnumber'd race of years, and flight of Time.
All shall not die, but much of me
Shall shun th' unwilling destiny :
For I shall but enlarge in future praise,
As doth the Universe in days ;
Long as the Pontiff, and the silent maid shall move
Up to the Capitol of Jove.

I shall be sung, upon the shore
Of Aufidus, whose deaf'ning roar
Affrights th' Apulian swain ; and where
Old Daunus held his regal state,
A prince from humble fortune great,
And ruled his country realms in water poor ;
The first, that to Italia brought
Th' Æolian song, and to her shepherds taught :
Take, then, for this, O Muse, thy rightful praise,
And, whilst th' admiring World doth on thy beauty gaze,
Bind on my brow the Delphic bays !

62.

FROM HORACE.

THE THIRTEENTH ODE OF THE BOOK OF EPODES.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

That the Winter is to be joyfully and pleasantly passed.

THE threat'ning sky grows dark, and, lo!
 Jove in mighty flakes of snow
 Descends : the seas and forests round,
 With the Thracian tempest sound,
 And the whole World's in Winter drown'd. }
 Let us, my friends, whilst yet we may,
 Snatch occasion from the day :
 Let us, whilst yet our life is green,
 And 'tis comely, thus be seen,
 With decent joys to disengage
 The embarass'd brow of age.

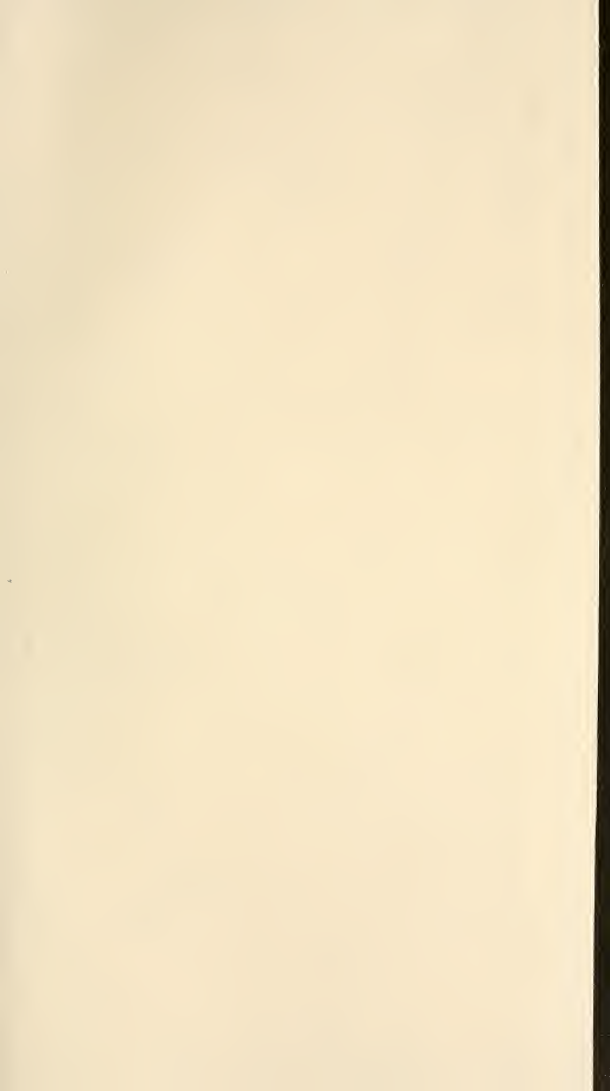
Give me the vintage of that year, }
When my Torquatus held the Chair : }
To speak of other thoughts forbear : }
God, perhaps, with happy change
These things into their seat will range :
Now let us rest, and joy awhile,
Bath'd with Achemenian oil,
And the rising anguish quell
With the soft Cyllenian shell :
As the noble Centaur sung
To his scholar, great but young ;
Unconquer'd mortal, Goddess-born,
Son of Thetis, thee the Morn
Destin'd, and th' Assaraque land
Await, through whose divided strand
The small Scamander's frigid tide,
And the winding Simois glide ;
Whence to thee return again
The fates with certain thread restrain ;
Nor shall thy wat'ry mother thee
Homeward to thy realm convey.

Thence ev'ry ill with wine and song
Lighten, for to these belong,
Soft persuaders, to bestow
Quiet on deformed woe.

THE END.

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